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BILLY

By GEORGE CAMERON



SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th St., New York

Pollyanna

The glad play, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, after the novel by Eleanor H. Porter. 5 males, 6 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours. An orphan girl is thrust into the home of a maiden aunt. In spite of the trials that beset her, she manages to find something to be glad about, and brings light into sunless lives. Finally Pollyanna straightens out the love affairs of her elders, and finds happiness for herself in Jimmy. "Pollyanna" gives a better appreciation of people and the world. It reflects the humor and humanity that gave the story such wonderful popularity among young and old.

Produced in New York, and for two seasons on tour. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Martha By-the-Day

An optimistic comedy in 3 acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over tomorrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her successful book for the stage and has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Royalty, \$25. Price, 60 cents.

Seventeen

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts, by Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease.

In his heart William knows all the tortures and delights of love. But he is still sent by his mother on errands of the most humiliating sort and depends on his father for every nickel, the use of which he must justify before he gets it.

"Silly" Bill fell in love with Lola, the "Baby-Talk Lady," a vapid little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and of her) he steals his father's evening clothes. When his wooings become a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother steals them back, and has them let out to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home.

But when it comes to the "Baby-Talk Lady's" good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. Now William again gets the dress suit, and how he wears it at the party, and Genesis discloses the fact that the proud garment is in reality his father's makes up the story of the play.

"Seventeen" is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed
Free on Request

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BILLY

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A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

GEORGE CAMERON

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R

CAST

BILLY HARGRAVE, *a football hero.*

ALICE HARGRAVE, *his sister.*

JOHN HARGRAVE, *his father.*

MRS. HARGRAVE, *his mother.*

MRS. SLOANE.

SAM EUSTACE.

BEATRICE SLOANE, *Mrs. Sloan's daughter.*

CAPTAIN.

DOCTOR.

BOATSWAIN.

SAILOR.

STEWARD.

STEWARDESS.

ACT. I. *Afternoon.*

ACT. II. *Five minutes later.*

ACT. III. *The next morning.*

BILLY

SCENE: *Upper deck amidship S. S. Florida. Swinging doors c. as if leading to saloon below. There are two cabins on either side of swinging door, with practical doors and windows and should show distinctly the interiors of each. Entrances R. and L.I.E. presumably leading along the deck. The scene should be backed by a circular drop, partly panoramic.*

AT RISE: *The stage is bare with the exception of the two or three camp stools with backs with the name of the boat on them. And a coil of rope a little L. of swinging doors center. You hear the conglomerate sounds as on a boat getting ready to depart.*

Enter Sailors L. with a case of champagne—cross stage and exit.

Enter back STEWARD L. with rugs, cushions, etc., puts them in stateroom D and exits c.

BOATSWAIN enters from R. with a big kit bag, crosses stage. Enter BEATRICE SLOANE from L.I.E., carrying two ladies' umbrellas, several books, a camera and dressing case. She is an extremely pretty girl of about twenty. Her manner shows that she has been spoilt and allowed to have her own way. She is a good deal of a flirt and generally charming. Suitably dressed in winter clothing—rather handsomely.

MRS. SLOANE follows BEATRICE from R.I.E.,

breathless and excited. Carries a handbag with card case, check book, pocketbook and a powderpuff case with tickets in it.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Speaking as she enters*) Don't walk so fast, Beatrice. Now we're on board, the stateroom won't run away from us.

BEATRICE. Well, I thought you wanted to get settled.

MRS. SLOANE. So I do, but I don't want to drop dead over it. Are you sure you've got everything?

BEATRICE. I think so.

MRS. SLOANE. The umbrellas?

BEATRICE. Yes.

MRS. SLOANE. And the books?

BEATRICE. Yes.

MRS. SLOANE. And the camera?

BEATRICE. Yes.

MRS. SLOANE. Where's my dressing case?

BEATRICE. I have it.

MRS. SLOANE. And what has become of my little foot warmer?

BEATRICE. It's with the rugs.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Starting up suddenly*) Good heavens! My handbag! I've left it in the cab.

BEATRICE. (*Dismayed*) Oh, mother.

MRS. SLOANE. I have. It must have dropped off my lap. And it's got the tickets and my jewel bag and my pocketbook and my check book and everything in it.

BEATRICE. You couldn't have. Feel.

MRS. SLOANE. Feel where? Come, we must get off.

BEATRICE. But we'll miss the boat if we do, it's going to start right away.

MRS. SLOANE. I can't help it. It will have to go without me.

BEATRICE. Wait a minute. Are you sure you

haven't got it somewhere? (*Looking around her.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Where do you think I carry it?

BEATRICE. (*Feeling her mother's clothes*) I thought you might have—— (*Searching under her cloak.*) What's this? (*Pulling the bag forward.*) Why, there it is. Oh, mother!

MRS. SLOANE. (*Sinking into chair and taking bag off her arm*) Why didn't you tell me I put it there? If you hadn't been in such a hurry.

BEATRICE. We're only just in time as it is. You have to turn back so often.

MRS. SLOANE. Because I have no one to think for me. I don't suppose any of the trunks are on board?

BEATRICE. Yes. Sam is looking after them.

(*Enter STEWARDESS C. She is a smiling German woman about forty. Blonde, if possible. Dressed in the ship's uniform with a jacket over it.*)

STEWARDESS. Are you going on shore—yes?

MRS. SLOANE. No, we are going to Havana.

STEWARDESS. You have not a berth already?

BEATRICE. We have a ticket for one.

STEWARDESS. What's the number, please?

MRS. SLOANE. Wait a minute—— (*Feeling for bag.*) Where is it? It's gone again.

BEATRICE. Here. (*Handing MRS. SLOANE bag which has slipped from her lap.*)

STEWARDESS. It is beautiful weather for de ocean, yes?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Fumbling in bag*) Where did I put them?

BEATRICE. (*Indicating bag*) You said they were in that.

MRS. SLOANE. I know, but I don't see them. Where on earth can they be?

BEATRICE. Not there? That's your card case.

MRS. SLOANE. I know. I put them in my purse but they're not there now.

BEATRICE. Feel in the pocket.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Feeling and shaking her head*) No. Oh, dear!

BEATRICE. Let me look. Why, here they are in your powder puff. (*Pulls out tickets, looking at them.*)

STEWARDESS. Everything is mixed in dose small valises.

BEATRICE. This is it, Stateroom C.

STEWARDESS. Oh, it iss over here. (*She opens door L. of C. doors and enters C.*)

BEATRICE. Oh, isn't that lovely. You can have your chair right outside your own room, mother.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Following her*) My dear, I shall never leave my berth.

BEATRICE. Yes, you will, after the first day.

MRS. SLOANE. I know better. I am always terribly ill with a German stewardess. (*Enter SAILOR with boxes, bags, etc., L.X.C.*) Here, here, where are you going with those things? They belong to me. No, no, don't leave them there. Put them——

BEATRICE. In here, please. (*Whistle blows. MRS. SLOANE screams and slaps hands to her ears.*)

STEWARDESS. (*Entering from cabin and shouting at her*) Do not be afraid, it iss to tell you ve be going oud in five minutes, dat iss all.

(*Enter SAM C., carrying bundle of rugs L. SAM is a young college graduate about twenty-four, good looking, well mannered, but decidedly aware of his own importance.*)

SAM. Oh, here you are. I've been looking all over the ship for you.

MRS. SLOANE. Why don't they warn people when they want to make that awful noise?

SAM. (*Handing rugs to STEWARDESS*) Will you please put these in Mrs. Sloane's stateroom? (*STEWARDESS takes them and exits cabin c. Meets SAILOR who exits L.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Is all the baggage on board? There are seven, you know. Two large, two small, one medium and two hat trunks.

SAM. Yes, they're all below. (*Enter STEWARD L. with suit case and rugs followed by SAILOR with wooden box. To STEWARD*) Oh, that's mine. Do you know where Stateroom A. is?

STEWARD. Yes, sir, next to stateroom V.

MRS. SLOANE. (*To SAILOR*) Be careful of that. There are bottles in it—medicine bottles.

STEWARD. (*Opening door of stateroom*) This is yours, sir. (*STEWARD exits—bus. with SAILOR—exit L.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Why, you're not far away. Oh, I'm so glad, in case of a fire or a wreck, or anything of that kind, we'd all be together.

SAM. I hope you'll let me be of service to you whenever I can, Mrs. Sloane.

MRS. SLOANE. Thank you, dear boy. I am always frightfully nervous when I travel, and if I wake up in the middle of the night, as I frequently do on board ship, I'll get you to walk up and down the deck with me until I am sleepy. (*She exits into stateroom C.—closes door. Enter STEWARD from A. exit R.*)

BEATRICE. You wouldn't mind that, would you, Sam? (*Goes to rail.*)

SAM. (*For MRS. SLOANE to hear*) Not at all. (*To BEATRICE.*) Aren't you ever troubled with insomnia?

BEATRICE. Only during the day.

SAM. (*Laughs*) Do you know you look awfully pretty this morning?

BEATRICE. I can't help it.

SAM. Really, it seems almost too good to be true.

BEATRICE. What?

SAM. Having you this way all to myself.

BEATRICE. Are we the only passengers?

SAM. Well, the rest don't count. Do you remember what I told you last summer on the beach?

BEATRICE. All of it?

SAM. You know the time I mean. When we got on that little rocky island and the tide came in while we were talking?

BEATRICE. And Billy Hargrave rowed out and brought us home?

SAM. (*Annoyed*) Yes.

BEATRICE. That was the first time I ever saw him. Goodness, how he laughed at us.

SAM. The fresh idiot.

BEATRICE. I never felt so silly in all my life.

SAM. Do you remember?

BEATRICE. I should say I did.

SAM. I mean, what I said?

BEATRICE. Something about oysters and pneumonia, wasn't it?

SAM. Oh, you're not going to put me off like that. I'm going to repeat that question before we get to Havana.

BEATRICE. Well, I'm ever so much obliged to you for warning me.

SAM. You won't be unkind this time, will you?

(*College cry heard off—"Transylvania, Tran-syl-va-ni-i! Rah! Rah! Rah!" BEATRICE starts up at the first sound, listening with surprise and pleasure.*)

BEATRICE. Why, what's that?

SAM. (*Uneasily*) Only some fellows shouting.

BEATRICE. It sounded like Transylvania.

SAM. Oh, it was a different cry, altogether. (*The cry is repeated and in the middle of it, BEATRICE speaks—excitedly.*)

BEATRICE. Why, it is! Come! Hurry! (SAM starts off R.) No, through here; it's quicker!

(*They both exit through center doors as JOHN HARGRAVE enters L. followed by a sailor carrying a steamer trunk. HARGRAVE is a man about forty. Thick-set and heavy on his feet. His manner is very sharp and business-like and his temper extremely short and when thoroughly aroused gets the best of his dignity and discretion. His clothing should indicate the possession of a very fine bank account, and a good tailor. The sailor is of a nondescript age. He is short and stout and has a fringe of whiskers running around his face. The expression of his face is that of constant wide-eyed surprise. He wears a ship's jersey and uniform.*)

HARGRAVE. (SAILOR at his heels—bumping into him) Look out where you're going. (*The man stops—irritably.*) Well, where is it?

SAILOR. Where's what?

HARGRAVE. Mr. William Hargrave's stateroom?

SAILOR. I don't know.

HARGRAVE. Then what did you bring me here for?

SAILOR. I didn't bring you—I brought the trunk.

HARGRAVE. You told me I could follow you.

SAILOR. And so you can. I haven't any objection.

HARGRAVE. I told you I wanted to find Mr. Hargrave's stateroom, didn't I?

SAILOR. Yes, and I told you to find the purser.

HARGRAVE. You said he was around this side.

SAILOR. So he was, the last time I seen him.

HARGRAVE. Well?

SAILOR. But that was an hour ago.

HARGRAVE. Where is he now, then?

SAILOR. Blowed if I know.

HARGRAVE. Now, look here, I want to know where Hargrave's cabin is and damn quick, too. I've been all over this ship looking for it.

SAILOR. Well, it must be aboard somewhere.

HARGRAVE. (*Irritated beyond endurance*) Where's the rest of the crew? If you're a sample of the intelligence that runs this boat, you ought to get shipwrecked. (*Looking from L. to R.*) Is there anyone on board this old tub that knows anything?

SAILOR. Are you speaking to me?

HARGRAVE. Why don't that confounded purser stand around? What's he here for? Does he expect people to run after him when he ought to be right here to attend to his passengers? What does he think he is, the President of the United States? (*As he turns to exit through c. doors, the STEWARDESS enters.*) Who are you?

STEWARDESS. Me? Oh, I am de stewardees.

HARGRAVE. Can you tell me where Mr. Hargrave's stateroom is?

STEWARDESS. Mister's who?

HARGRAVE. (*Irritably*) Hargrave, Hargrave, Hargrave, Hargrave.

STEWARDESS. My, what a long name of such a sameness.

HARGRAVE. Do you know?

STEWARDESS. Not yet. But maybe he does.

HARGRAVE. Who does?

STEWARDESS. Hargrave, Hargrave, Hargrave, Hargrave.

HARGRAVE. You're a fool. (*He turns away R.*)

and meets the BOATSWAIN, who enters R. and is about to pass him. The BOATSWAIN is a tall, singular man wearing a chin beard and grizzled beard. His manner is taciturn and abrupt and he watches everything keenly through half-closed eyes. Dress same as sailor, with the insignia of boatswain on arm. Both these men should resemble as closely as possible the types made famous by Mr. W. W. Jacobs.) Wait a minute. Where is the Hargrave stateroom?

BOATSWAIN. Don't know. Never heard of it.

HARGRAVE. Never heard of Hargrave?

BOATSWAIN. No. What's he wanted for?

HARGRAVE. Don't you read the papers?

BOATSWAIN. Course I do. Got the Police Gazette in my pocket, now. Like to look at it?

HARGRAVE. (*Shouting at him*) No. D'ye know——

BOATSWAIN. (*Approaching him, confidently*) Now, look here, Governor, if there's anything in it on the side, I'll help you land the fellow you're looking for.

HARGRAVE. (*Furiously*) What do you mean? (*BOATSWAIN winks at him.*) Don't do that to me.

BOATSWAIN. (*Nudging him*) I'm on, Guv'nor.

HARGRAVE. You'll be off in a minute. Do you know who you're talking to?

BOATSWAIN. (*Coming close and whispering*) Pinkerton.

HARGRAVE. (*Threateningly*) What!

BOATSWAIN. Ain't you a detective?

HARGRAVE. You drivelling idiot. (*He makes a rush at him and the STEWARD enters R. The STEWARD is a brisk young man in a steward's uniform. Very polite and very stupid.*)

STEWARD. What's the matter, sir?

HARGRAVE. Why, this fool don't know the difference between a policeman and a banker.

STEWARD. (*Politely*) Is it a riddle, sir?

HARGRAVE. (*Turns*) No. Do you know which is Mr. Hargrave's stateroom?

STEWARD. No, sir, but if you'll ask the Purser——

HARGRAVE. Where is he?

STEWARD. Well, he's pretty well all over the ship just now, sir; but—— (*The doctor enters c. jauntily but pauses on seeing the rest. He is a dapper round little man with a short, quick step and a very airy manner.*)

HARGRAVE. (*To the others*) Get out of my way. You're a lot of ignorant dummies.

DOCTOR. Anything I can do for you, sir?

HARGRAVE. Are you the Purser?

DOCTOR. No, I'm the doctor.

HARGRAVE. Then you're no good.

DOCTOR. Are you looking for someone?

HARGRAVE. Yes. Young Hargrave. Do you know where his cabin is?

DOCTOR. Hargrave?

STEWARDESS. You should say it four times in a hurry.

HARGRAVE. I suppose you never heard of him, either. Do you know anything about football?

DOCTOR. No, but I used to be rather good at hand-ball.

HARGRAVE. You're no better than these things. (*Waving toward the others.*) Billy Hargrave is as famous as John D. Rockefeller.

DOCTOR. Ah, now I understand. I presume you wish to interview him? May I ask what paper you represent?

HARGRAVE. Paper! What are you talking about? Do you take me for a reporter?

DOCTOR. That was my impression.

HARGRAVE. (*Furiously*) You blockhead!

DOCTOR. (*Much agitated*) Dear me. Would you—eh—know the gentleman if you saw him?

HARGRAVE. Know him? He's my son.

DOCTOR. Oh, I'm so sorry.

HARGRAVE. What?

DOCTOR. I mean——

HARGRAVE. Where's the Captain?

SAILOR. On the bridge.

BOATSWAIN. No, in the chartroom.

STEWARD. I saw him in the saloon a minute ago.

HARGRAVE. I'll report the whole lot of you.

DOCTOR. If you'll tell me your name, sir, I'll——

HARGRAVE. My name's Hargrave.

STEWARDESS. He is looking for himself.

HARGRAVE. (*Shouting at them*) Hargrave. John Hargrave, father of William Hargrave, the finest quarter-back that ever played on Transylvania. Now, damn it, where is the Captain? (*He strides off with the DOCTOR R. The BOATSWAIN and the Sailor following R.*)

STEWARDESS. Ach Himmel! It is a dreadful thing to have such a man walking around without a chain. (*Exits C.*)

(*Enter BILLY, followed by ALICE—L.—with various rugs, valises, etc.*)

BILLY. (*Turns to look for ALICE*) Come on, come on. Don't take all day.

ALICE. What's the use of walking around like this? Why don't you ask someone?

BILLY. Because I haven't seen anyone to ask. I should think you could have waited until we started.

ALICE. I wanted some place to put my things.

BILLY. Dragging me away to look for your darned old stateroom with all the boys down here to see me off.

ALICE. Well, you needn't be so hateful, considering I'm only going for your sake.

BILLY. I didn't mean to. Don't worry now, you'll have a good time.

ALICE. How can I with you? Mother wouldn't have sent me if you had behaved reasonably from the beginning instead of acting like a baby with his first tooth.

BILLY. Alice!

ALICE. Billy, your sensitiveness will get you into trouble, if you don't look out. Really, you might think you were the only man on earth that had false teeth.

BILLY. Shut up.

ALICE. No—I won't—those four teeth have nearly driven the family into an early grave, to say nothing of the dentists. We've been sworn to secrecy night and morning. We've had to make excuses to all your friends. We've been forbidden to mention tooth or teeth, and now, I've got to take this trip with you, so you can get used to the new set. I don't wonder they call them "Toomstones."

BILLY. (*At rail*) Well, what of it? Do you expect me to be conceited about them?

ALICE. As though anybody cared.

BILLY. That's up to me.

ALICE. But how can you be so ridiculous? Lots of people wear them. And you got yours in such a good cause, too. Why, Transylvania would have lost the game if you hadn't lost your teeth.

BILLY. Alice!

ALICE. I beg your pardon, Billy; I forgot.

BILLY. Not so loud. Do you want the whole ship to know about it?

ALICE. Why not? You ought to be proud of them.

BILLY. (*Ruefully*) Well, I'm not.

ALICE. (*Confidentially*) Say, Billy——

BILLY. (*Irritably*) Yes, yes; what is it? What is it?

ALICE. Do you suppose the man who kicked your face for the ball knew where his foot landed?

BILLY. No—of course not. Will you keep quiet?

ALICE. (*After a pause*) Did they drop out on the ground, Billy?

BILLY. (*Doggedly. At rail*) I don't know. Maybe I swallowed them.

ALICE. Oh, I hope not, they might give you appendicitis.

BILLY. (*Moves*) You give me a pain.

ALICE. (*Reflectively*) You couldn't have swallowed four at one time. They were very large, you know. (*BILLY turns away in disgust. Pensively.*) I wonder if they ever found any of them. Someone may be wearing one of them right now for a watch charm. You can't tell—as a memento of the game.

BILLY. I wish you had them—then maybe you'd have some sense.

ALICE. Well, if I had, I wouldn't have made my sister a slave to them.

BILLY. (*Contemptuously*) Yes, you look like a slave. (*Stands L.C. back to her.*)

ALICE. Never mind that, I've been one. Didn't I go out with you on the coldest nights before you got the new ones, just so you could get exercise?

BILLY. Well, it did you good, you need training.

ALICE. And all because you were afraid someone might speak to you.

BILLY. You know perfectly well if they had, I couldn't have answered.

ALICE. Yes, you could. It might have sounded a little mushy or as though you were trying to whistle, but——

BILLY. Really, Alice, I didn't think you could be so heartless. You seem to forget how painful this subject is to me.

ALICE. (*Crossing to him*) No, I don't. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Billy, really, I didn't, dear. Really—we'll bury the teeth—no! I don't mean that. I mean the subject—and you mustn't worry about the new ones any more, because they look as natural as life.

BILLY. Well, don't talk about them as though they were a corpse. Do they really look all to the good? (*Showing teeth.*)

ALICE. Great! Fine.

BILLY. No one could tell the difference, could they?

ALICE. No, never. Honestly, Billy, they're an improvement on your own.

BILLY. Umph! But no one would know they were not the real things?

ALICE. Not unless you open your mouth in the sun, then the gold glitters.

BILLY. Oh, go to blazes! (*Starting off.*)

ALICE. Wait, Billy; you haven't found the state-room.

BILLY. I haven't got any time now.

ALICE. But father and mother won't know where to look for us.

BILLY. Don't worry; nobody could miss you. (*Exit C.*)

ALICE. Now what have I done? (*Enter MRS. HARGRAVE from stateroom R. She is a woman about fifty—rather nervous and excitable with pleasant manners and an extreme earnestness in everything she says. She is handsomely dressed in furs.*)

MRS. HARGRAVE. (*Speaking to STEWARDESS in inside*) Very well; I'll just wait out here.

ALICE. Mother!

MRS. HARGRAVE. Alice, my child; where have you been?

ALICE. Right here.

MRS. HARGRAVE. But why didn't you go to your cabin as I told you?

ALICE. I don't know where it is.

MRS. HARGRAVE. (*Pointing towards room she has left*) Right here, of course.

ALICE. Where's father?

MRS. HARGRAVE. I don't know. I've been waiting half an hour for him on the other side. He went to look for you and I haven't seen him since. Where's Billy?

ALICE. I don't know. He went around the other way just a minute ago.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Why didn't he stay with you?

ALICE. Oh, he got mad because I said the plate showed when his mouth was wide open.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Alice, how could you?

ALICE. Well, it does.

MRS. HARGRAVE. But I've warned you so many times, dear, not to speak about it.

ALICE. He asked me himself.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Even so, you shouldn't have told him. Remember how sensitive he is.

ALICE. Isn't he ever going to get over it?

MRS. HARGRAVE. Of course, when he gets accustomed to them. But just now, he feels he can't get away from them.

ALICE. It would be worse if they got away from him.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Now, Alice dear, you must be patient with him. Just think, he is your only brother.

ALICE. I could be so much patienter if I didn't have to go with him.

MRS. HARGRAVE. That is unavoidable. You know perfectly well that Billy is not to be trusted with anything valuable. And after all he's gone through, he must have someone with him who takes an interest in him. (*College cry heard outside. Enter MRS. SLOANE stateroom C.*)

MRS. SLOANE. What's the matter? Someone left behind? What's all that shouting for? Why, Mrs. Hargrave!

MRS. HARGRAVE. Why, how do you do, Mrs. Sloane? (*The two ladies shake hands cordially.*)

MRS. SLOANE. And Alice too. Well, this is a surprise. I was telling Beatrice just a little while ago how sorry I was not to have seen you before we sailed.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Oh, are you going down to the Indies?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Gushingly*) Yes, I simply cannot stand these modern winters in New York. I suffer so terribly from neuralgia, you know. Sam Eustace persuaded me to try this trip for a change. (*To ALICE.*) You know Sam! Don't you, dear? (*ALICE shakes her head.*) No! Why he's a Transylvania boy. He graduated Billy's second year, I think. You'll like him so much although he's so terribly in love with Beatrice, he won't even look at another girl.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Really!

MRS. SLOANE. Yes, indeed. I'm afraid I'll lose her very soon.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Dear me, isn't it dreadful the way our children grow up and go off and leave us just when they are beginning to be useful?

MRS. SLOANE. Why, it's perfectly awful. What are you doing down here?

MRS. HARGRAVE. We came down to see Alice and Billy off.

MRS. SLOANE. Oh, is he well enough to travel?

MRS. HARGRAVE. Oh, yes, but he's still very nervous, so Alice is going along to look after him.

MRS. SLOANE. Why, isn't that lovely!

ALICE. (*Aside*) For Billy!

MRS. SLOANE. I was so terribly upset when I

heard about his accident. Beatrice was at the game, you know, and saw him carried off the field.

MRS. HARGRAVE. You have no idea what a frightful shock it was to me. I haven't completely recovered from it yet.

MRS. SLOANE. Poor dear. (*Taking ALICE into the conversation.*) Still, he'll always be a hero in the football world.

ALICE. I suppose so, but I think he'd rather have his t—— (MRS. HARGRAVE *coughs.*)—health back.

MRS. SLOANE. Of course. (*To MRS. HARGRAVE.*) You know, he and Sam Eustace were hated rivals all the summer. Oh, mercy yes. He came down to the Cape, you know, after you all went abroad and for a time we all thought the affair would end in bloodshed. (*Seriously.*) But tell me—how was he so badly hurt? (MRS. HARGRAVE and ALICE *exchange nervous glances.*)

MRS. HARGRAVE. (*Faltering*) Well—you—see——

ALICE. (*Trying to assist her*) He lost his— (MRS. HARGRAVE *steps on her foot.*) head——

MRS. HARGRAVE. You can't dream what he suffered.

ALICE. We all did.

MRS. SLOANE. He was laid up for six weeks, wasn't he? Poor boy, what a dreadful time he must have had.

ALICE. Oh, it wasn't so bad after they pulled the— (MRS. HARGRAVE *steps on her foot again.*) splinters out.

MRS. SLOANE. Splinters! Why, where did he get them?

ALICE. (*Terribly confused*) I don't know. They must have been in the ball.

MRS. SLOANE. But I don't understand.

MRS. HARGRAVE. My dear, if Mrs. Sloane will

excuse you, I think you had better look after your things.

MRS. SLOANE. Why, of course. (*Enter SAM, c.*) Oh, Sam, you're just in time to meet Mrs. Hargrave. (*To MRS. HARGRAVE.*) Let me introduce Mr. Eustace—Mrs. Hargrave—Miss Hargrave——

SAM. (*Shaking hands with both*) I am pleased to meet you, Mrs. Hargrave. How do you do!

MRS. SLOANE. We've just been talking about Billy's accident.

SAM. Yes, I heard he was pretty badly smashed up. Very unfortunate.

MRS. SLOANE. It was dreadful. Mrs. Hargrave was just telling me about it.

SAM. What happened to him?

ALICE. (*Quickly*) He had four— (*MRS. HARGRAVE nudges her.*) ribs broken.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Come, dear, we must go. (*To SAM.*) So pleased to have met you. (*As she hustles ALICE into stateroom B.*) We'll see you again before we start, Mrs. Sloane. (*She exits and closes the door of stateroom B. College cry repeated off.*)

MRS. SLOANE. What are they doing that for?

SAM. (*Sulkily*) Oh, it's only some of the college boys acting like idiots over Bill Hargrave. That kind of thing makes me tired.

MRS. SLOANE. It must be very trying on the voice.

SAM. I wouldn't mind it so much if he really deserved it.

MRS. SLOANE. Well, he had the distinction of being more seriously hurt than the rest.

SAM. I don't believe it.

MRS. SLOANE. Why, my dear boy, he was ill for almost two months.

SAM. Yes, I know everybody thought he was.

MRS. SLOANE. Really, Sam, I didn't think you'd

let your feeling against Billy carry you to such extremes.

SAM. Oh, it isn't that. Mrs. Sloane, I happen to know that he was well enough to walk out of the house two weeks after he was supposed to be so badly hurt.

MRS. SLOANE. You must be mistaken.

SAM. I saw him myself.

MRS. SLOANE. In the street?

SAM. Yes.

MRS. SLOANE. Are you sure it wasn't someone else?

SAM. Perfectly.

MRS. SLOANE. Where did you meet him?

SAM. On 5th Avenue, about 40th Street.

MRS. SLOANE. What did he say to you?

SAM. Oh, I didn't speak to him; he didn't even know I saw him.

MRS. SLOANE. Well, I never! Was he alone?

SAM. No.

MRS. SLOANE. Who was with him?

SAM. I don't know. I never saw her before.

MRS. SLOANE. Her! Oh—I suppose it was a trained nurse.

SAM. Perhaps. But this one had evidently come from a party.

MRS. SLOANE. (*After a pause*) What time was it?

SAM. Half past two—in the morning.

MRS. SLOANE. Oh! was the person young?

SAM. Yes. I'm sure she was, though I couldn't see very much of her—she had some sort of a hood over her head, and he evidently didn't want to be recognized because he was all muffled up with his hat pulled over his eyes.

MRS. SLOANE. Then how can you be so certain?

SAM. Oh, I could see enough of his face and I heard the girl call him Billy.

MRS. SLOANE. Anything else?

SAM. Yes. They must have been quarreling for she said, "This can't go on forever. If you had one, there might have been some chance, but with four, they're bound to find it out."

MRS. SLOANE. Dear me! And he's so young, too.

SAM. I'm sorry I had to tell you, Mrs. Sloane, but perhaps, as he is going to be on board, it's just as well that you should know.

MRS. SLOANE. You're quite right. Where is Beatrice?

SAM. I think she's around on the other side. Shall I tell her you want her?

MRS. SLOANE. Yes, immediately, please.

SAM. Certainly. (*Exit SAM, whistling jauntily c.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Four of them! Mercy on us, what a blow to his mother. (*STEWARDESS appears at stateroom C. door, with an inflated rubber cushion.*)

STEWARDESS. Where will you have diss placed?

MRS. SLOANE. Oh, dear me. Go back. I'll show you. (*She exits into stateroom C. and closes the door. Enter BILLY and HARGRAVE, SR., R.*)

HARGRAVE, SR. (*Speaking as he enters*) Where the devil were you, then?

BILLY. Round on the other side.

HARGRAVE. I've been waiting for you down in your cabin for an hour.

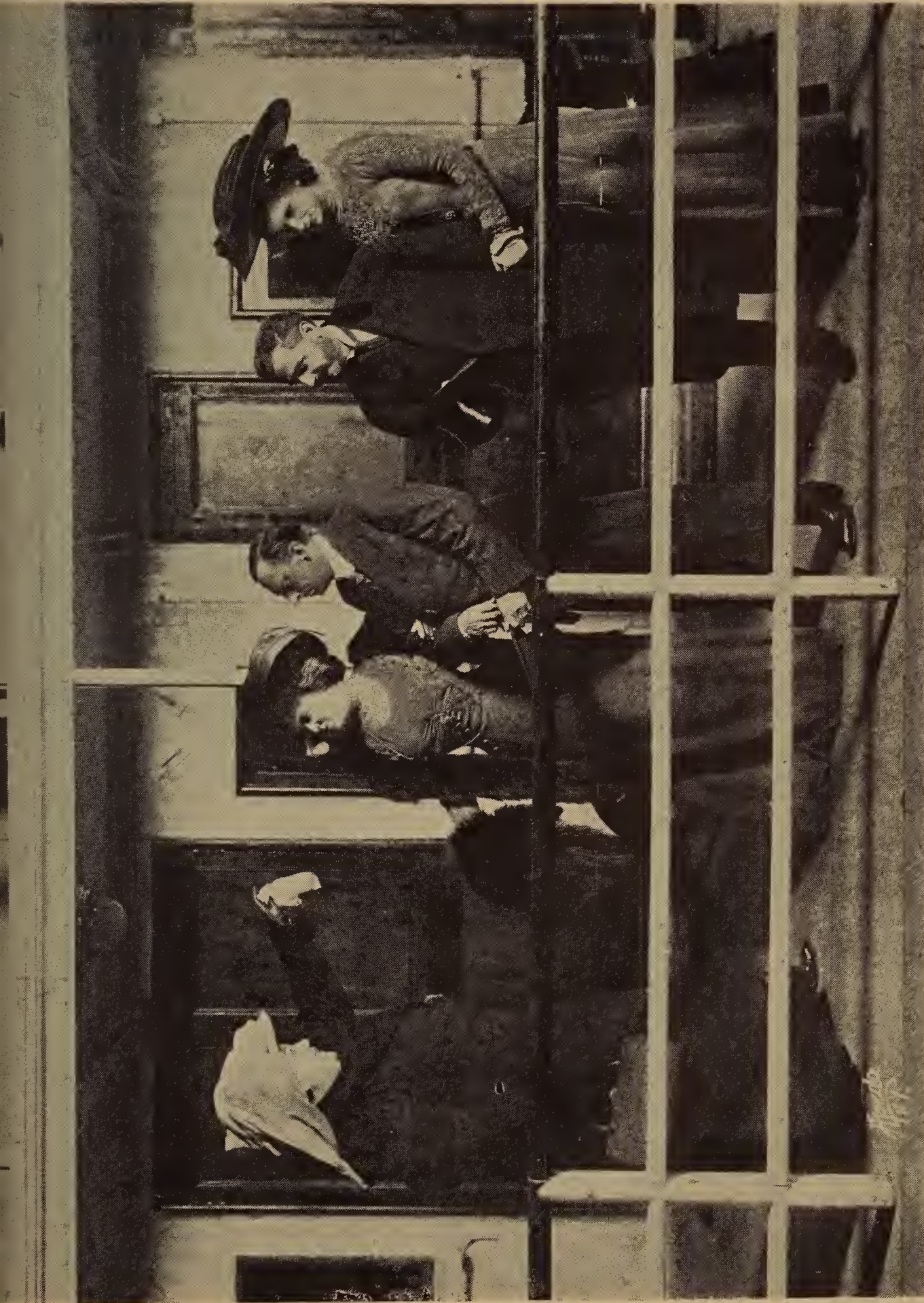
BILLY. I didn't know it was downstairs.

HARGRAVE. If you hadn't changed your mind at the last minute, you might have had better accommodations. By the way, who was that pretty girl that waved her hand to us just now?

BILLY. That? Oh, that was Miss Sloane.

HARGRAVE. Which one did she wave to?

BILLY. (*Indignantly*) Me, of course!



"BILLY"

HARGRAVE. Oh, I see. Well, I admire your taste. Good luck. (*He slaps him on the back.*)

BILLY. (*Clapping his hand to his mouth*) Look out.

HARGRAVE. What's the matter?

BILLY. You know that's a dangerous thing to do!

HARGRAVE. (*Realizing his anxiety*) Oh, I forgot. Those damn t——

BILLY. Good Lord, dad! I wish you'd please remember.

HARGRAVE. I'm sorry, my boy, I haven't got used to 'em yet.

BILLY. Neither have I.

HARGRAVE. I suppose they haven't taken root yet, eh? Never mind. When you come back, you'll feel as though you were born with them. Cheer up, now. (*Starts to repeat the bus. as BILLY steps R. out of the way.*)

BILLY. Have you got any change about you, that you can spare?

HARGRAVE. I notice you always ask the question after I've made a break. What kind of change?

BILLY. Oh, large change.

HARGRAVE. (*Reaching into his pockets*) Those four molars of yours will drive me to bankruptcy. (*Whistle blows off L.*) Hello. There's the last call. Where's your mother and Alice?

BILLY. I guess they're in the stateroom. (*He opens door to stateroom B., and MRS. HARGRAVE and ALICE step out.*)

HARGRAVE. Come along. We haven't got any time to waste. Say good-bye to Billy.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Oh, must we go now?

HARGRAVE. Yes, the bugle's just blown for visitors ashore.

MRS. HARGRAVE. (*Embracing BILLY*) Oh, my dear boy! I haven't seen you at all, and there are so many things I wanted to tell you.

HARGRAVE. Never mind. You haven't got time to say 'em now.

MRS. HARGRAVE. (*To BILLY*) You won't forget to put them in water every night, will you, dear?

HARGRAVE. And don't forget to take 'em out of it in the morning.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Oh, no. You can stand the glass in your shoe, and you'll be sure to remember.

HARGRAVE. And don't try to put it on in a hurry.

MRS. HARGRAVE. You had better keep them near the bed in case of an emergency.

HARGRAVE. That's a bad place. If he got up suddenly, he might step on 'em.

MRS. HARGRAVE. And above all things, don't hold your mouth open and let the air get under the plate. (*STEWARD enters R.*)

STEWARD. (*As he crosses the stage*) All visitors ashore, please. (*Exits L.*)

MRS. HARGRAVE. Come on, come on. Kiss him good-bye. (*Kissing ALICE.*) Good-bye, my dear. Try and have a good time. Good luck, old boy. Forget about 'em and they won't be there. I mean you won't know you've got 'em. Come on, Dolly.

ALICE. We'll go around with you. (*She and HARGRAVE start off L.*)

MRS. HARGRAVE. The listerine and tincture of myrrh and the Gum Tragican are still in your suitcase. You won't forget, Alice?

ALICE. No, mother. (*Enter MRS. SLOANE from stateroom C.*)

HARGRAVE. Unless you want to go with them, you'd better hurry.

MRS. SLOANE. You're off, eh? Good-bye.

MRS. HARGRAVE. Good-bye, Mrs. Sloane. (*Shakes hands.*) Bon voyage.

HARGRAVE. How are you, Miss Sloane? Looking fatter than ever. Hope you have a pleasant trip. Good-bye. Good-bye. (*ALICE and he exit L.*)

MRS. HARGRAVE. (*To BILLY*) You'll find six more tooth brushes and you won't forget . . . (*She and BILLY follow the others off X.L. as STEWARDESS enters C. The band plays off L., whistles blow—*
MRS. SLOANE *clasps her hands to her ears.*)

STEWARDESS. It is to tell you we are going out now.

MRS. SLOANE. Yes, I know it. I feel the motion already. (*Voices heard calling "Good-bye," off L.*)

STEWARDESS. Have you your table seats got yet?

MRS. SLOANE. Oh, don't speak of anything to eat! (*More "Good-byes," etc., off L.*)

STEWARDESS. No—dinner will be in a half an hour, ready.

MRS. SLOANE. I can't bear to think of food—

STEWARDESS. No—it is always goot to eat all you can before it is too late. I will go und make some places for you in de dining hall. (*College cry off L.*) They are shouting someding oud in de Russian language! (*Exits C. BILLY'S voice heard off, repeating the cry. Enter BEATRICE L. all excitement.*)

BEATRICE. We're off, mother. They're pulling up the gangways. Did you hear the shouting? It was a lot of the Transylvania boys. They came down to see Billy Hargrave off. Bully of them, wasn't it? Do you know he's going with us?

MRS. SLOANE. So I heard.

BEATRICE. I haven't had a chance to speak to him yet, he's been so busy saying good-bye.

MRS. SLOANE. You can postpone it indefinitely.

BEATRICE. What do you mean?

MRS. SLOANE. While I have this opportunity, I may as well tell you that I want you to have as little to do with him as possible.

BEATRICE. Why?

MRS. SLOANE. Because I'm the best judge of your friends.

BEATRICE. Oh, mother!

MRS. SLOANE. That will do, Beatrice, you will kindly remember what I've said.

BEATRICE. But you've always liked him.

MRS. SLOANE. I dare say.

BEATRICE. Then what's the matter with him now?

MRS. SLOANE. I do not think he is as nice as I thought he was before.

BEATRICE. What's made you change your mind?

MRS. SLOANE. He's a very fast young man, and I should never have allowed you to know him.

BEATRICE. Have you heard anything about him?

MRS. SLOANE. Never mind.

BEATRICE. What was it?

MRS. SLOANE. Never mind.

BEATRICE. I'll bet I know who told you.

MRS. SLOANE. Never mind.

BEATRICE. If I find out I'm right, I'll make him regret it.

MRS. SLOANE. Never mind that either. You will do as I tell you. Of course we shall have to be civil to him on account of his mother and sisters, but I don't think young Hargrave is the proper kind of young man to be numbered among my daughter's friends.

BEATRICE. What has he done?

MRS. SLOANE. Never mind.

BEATRICE. Oh, mother. (*College cry heard off L. a little fainter. BEATRICE starts off L.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Beatrice, stay here.

BEATRICE. Why?

MRS. SLOANE. Never mind.

BEATRICE. Oh, mother. (*Enter BILLY L. and repeating cry, ceasing abruptly as he sees BEATRICE.*)

BILLY. Beatrice! I mean, Miss Sloane. (*Lifting his cap as he rushes across to shake hands.*) I'm terribly glad to see you. Really, I am. How do you do, Mrs. Sloane—this is an unexpected pleasure.

My, how wonderfully well you look. (*To BEATRICE.*) Doesn't she?

MRS. SLOANE. Thank you. I am as well as I can hope to be, William.

BILLY. Eh! Oh, yes, yes. Well, you seem to be ten years younger than you were last summer, honestly.

MRS. SLOANE. Appearances are sometimes deceptive.

BILLY. (*Smiling at BEATRICE*) Yes, sometimes. (*To BEATRICE.*) Were you surprised to see me?

BEATRICE. I should say so. Why didn't you let me know?

BILLY. Didn't have time. It was only decided at the last minute. (*MRS. SLOANE coughs. Both turn to her.*) Really, it's great to see you again. When they first suggested a sea voyage, I expected to be bored to death.

BEATRICE. But you have Alice with you.

BILLY. Oh, yes, but she doesn't mean anything. With you on board, though, any trip would be delightful. (*Aside to BEATRICE.*) Did you get my last letter?

BEATRICE. Yes.

BILLY. I'm simply crazy to see you alone for a minute. Can't we wish her over to the other side of the boat for something?

MRS. SLOANE. We were very sorry to hear of your injury, William.

BILLY. Thank you. (*To BEATRICE.*) I wish she wouldn't call me that, it makes me feel like a waiter.

MRS. SLOANE. I trust you have completely recovered from it?

BILLY. (*Leaning against post*) Oh, yes, I'm all right now, thanks.

MRS. SLOANE. You look remarkably well for one who has been ill so long.

BILLY. I always recuperate very quickly.

MRS. SLOANE. Still, an injury to the head—— I think that is what I understood Alice to say?

BILLY. Eh! Oh, yes, I did. I did them all. (*Bus. with handkerchief, laughing uneasily.*) You see, I was really all broken up.

MRS. SLOANE. How long was it before you were able to leave the house, William?

BILLY. Let me see. I took my first drive about a week ago.

MRS. SLOANE. Your first drive? Just think of that!

BILLY. (*Aside to BEATRICE*) Does the sea always effect her like this?

BEATRICE. Hush!

BILLY. Let's play she's it and go and hide. (*Aloud*) Wouldn't you like to take a walk; you can see the statue on the other side.

BEATRICE. Yes, come along.

MRS. SLOANE. Beatrice.

BEATRICE. Oh, mother. (*Sound of bugle.*)

BILLY. I guess that means dinner. Are you going down, Mrs. Sloane?

MRS. SLOANE. I suppose I must try a little nourishment. Come, dear, you must get ready. (*Exit into stateroom C.*)

BILLY. (*To BEATRICE*) Can't you wait a minute?

BEATRICE. Why?

BILLY. I want to talk to you. Don't you realize I haven't seen you for two whole months?

BEATRICE. Well, that isn't my fault.

BILLY. Nothing in the world could have kept me away, if I hadn't been hurt.

BEATRICE. How foolish!

BILLY. Don't you believe me?

BEATRICE. I didn't imagine I controlled the exclusive right to your society.

BILLY. Why, I wouldn't cross the street to talk to any other girl.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Off*) Beatrice!

BEATRICE. Yes?

MRS. SLOANE. What are you doing?

BEATRICE. Looking at the statue.

BILLY. Don't say that, it's on the other side. You don't know what I went through for a while.

BEATRICE. Oh, don't talk about it. I shall never forget it as long as I live.

BILLY. What?

BEATRICE. Seeing you carried away insensible.

BILLY. Did you really care so much?

BEATRICE. Why, of course, I hate accidents.

BILLY. Is that what made you write to me?

BEATRICE. Be careful!

BILLY. Doesn't she know?

BEATRICE. (*Reluctantly*) No!

BILLY. Fine! That first letter saved my life!

BEATRICE. I only sent it because I thought it might cheer you up.

BILLY. Just for that?

BEATRICE. Yes.

BILLY. How about the rest?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Off*) Beatrice!

BEATRICE. Yes, mother.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Off*) Remember what I told you.

BEATRICE. What?

MRS. SLOANE. You know.

BEATRICE. Oh, mother.

BILLY. Don't go. She'll forget it in a minute—
Did you mean what you said in the last one? (*Clasps her hand, holds it up before him.*)

BEATRICE. Why, I——

MRS. SLOANE. (*Off*) Beatrice!

BEATRICE. Yes.

BILLY. Tell me.

MRS. SLOANE. Did you hear what I said?

BEATRICE. Yes, mother.—Let me go.

BILLY. Please.

MRS. SLOANE. Then why don't you mind me?

BILLY. Just give me a hint.

BEATRICE. I shan't.

BILLY. I won't let you go till you do.

BEATRICE. Not now.

BILLY. But——

MRS. SLOANE. (*Off*) Well?

BEATRICE. Yes, I'm coming.

BILLY. When?

BEATRICE. Oh, later.

BILLY. Promise.

BEATRICE. Yes.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Off*) At once, Beatrice.

BEATRICE. Oh, mother. (*She exits into stateroom*

C. MRS. SLOANE closes door. BILLY turns and sees EUSTACE who has entered C. *Slight pause.*)

SAM. Hello, Hargrave.

BILLY. Hello,—what kind of a wave washed you on board?

SAM. I'm going down to Havana on business—what are you doing here?

BILLY. I'm going down for my health.

SAM. You don't look it.

BILLY. No, I must feel it.

SAM. I guess you had a pretty soft time of it.

BILLY. Yes, for three weeks things were softer than I've had 'em since I was a child. I hear you're doing the squire of dames.

SAM. I have placed my services at the disposal of Miss Sloane and her mother, if that's what you mean?

BILLY. Someone will bite you one of these days, if you're not careful.

SAM. Let me give you a little bit of advice.

BILLY. Sure you can spare it?

SAM. Your society won't be missed.

BILLY. Is that so?

SAM. Your reputation has gone before you, my boy.

BILLY. I didn't think it was strong enough to walk alone. Have you learned to swim yet?

SAM. No.

BILLY. I thought that experience last summer would teach you a lesson. You'd have been on that little island yet if I hadn't come along.

SAM. Oh, cut that out, and everything that goes with it.

BILLY. Oh, not everything.

SAM. Yes, everything.

BILLY. But you were not the only survivor.

SAM. I was the only one we'll discuss.

BILLY. Don't be plural.

SAM. You don't know what fair play means.

BILLY. (*Sharply*) That'll be all right.

SAM. Do you think it's square for a fellow to do what you did?

BILLY. What did I do?

SAM. You know well enough. You came down to the cape and——

BILLY. Cut you out.

SAM. I didn't say that.

BILLY. It's all right. I've saved you the trouble. Why, good Lord! You've been hanging around her all summer until she was almost bored to death. Was it my fault if she knew the difference between a codfish and a shrimp?

SAM. What?

BILLY. You heard what I said.

SAM. Now, look here. You keep off the grass or there'll be trouble.

BILLY. You must think you own the park. I'll tell you right now, I'm going to stick dandelions and daisies on the greensward until further notice.

SAM. We'll settle that.

BILLY. You bet your life, we will.

SAM. Without further delay.

BILLY. At the earliest convenience.

SAM. All right.

BILLY. Just so. (*SAM exits slamming door—BILLY turns L. and runs into ALICE, who has entered L. She is very miserable.*) Well, what's the matter with you?

ALICE. (*Dejectedly*) You know it always makes me feel badly to leave mother.

BILLY. You look here. Don't you invent any more stories about my accident. You've broken every bone I've got, to say nothing of internal injuries. I'm afraid to talk to anyone, for fear I'll be hurt in a new place. Why don't you stick to one thing?

ALICE. Because I forget what I said last.

BILLY. You'll have me dead and buried if you keep on.

ALICE. I can't help it. I get so confused when I'm asked what happened to you.

BILLY. No, I don't want you hanging 'round here. I'm going to propose to Miss Sloane in a few minutes and you'd be in the way.

ALICE. To Beatrice? Oh, don't! You really haven't got a chance.

BILLY. What do you mean?

ALICE. Why, she's in love with Sam Eustace.

BILLY. (*Walks to her*) Oh, is that all?

ALICE. Isn't that enough? They're almost engaged.

BILLY. You don't know what you're talking about. She doesn't care a straw for him.

ALICE. How do you know?

BILLY. She told me so.

ALICE. Well, her mother thinks she does.

BILLY. She's got another think coming to her.

Go on now. She'll be back in a minute and I haven't got any time to lose.

ALICE. What's your hurry?

BILLY. (*Faces audience*) I'm going to put a stop to any further attention from Mr. Sam Eustace, or anyone else.

ALICE. Oh, well, are you going to tell her about those? (*Pointing to his mouth.*)

BILLY. No, of course not.

ALICE. Why don't you? She'll have to know sometime, and it would be a dreadful shock to find them in the glass the first morning. Simply spoil the whole honeymoon. You'd better tell her.

BILLY. (*Turns to her*) Look here, Alice, do you think a fellow would like a girl that has a wooden leg, or a glass eye, or a set of——

ALICE. (*Pointing*) Those?

BILLY. Don't do that—— And ask him to marry her in the next breath?

ALICE. But she'll find it out.

BILLY. No, she won't

ALICE. Don't be so silly. You can't leave them in at night, you might swallow them. Mother told me to be sure and see you take them out before you went to bed. I'll tell her if you like.

BILLY. (*Up*) Don't you dare. I wouldn't have her know for a million.

ALICE. It might make a difference to her. You can't tell.

BILLY. (*Goes L.C.*) Not if she loves me.

ALICE. But the whole expression of your face changes when you haven't got them in, you know.

BILLY. (*Goes R. and back to her*) I wish I could change yours.

ALICE. Besides, it isn't fair. You'd be marrying under false pretenses. Supposing she woke up first some morning and saw you with your mouth

open? You don't know how awful you look when they drop.

BILLY. (*Goes c. and leans in rail*) If you were only a man for five minutes.

ALICE. Oh, of course, you never thank me for my advice, but you mark my words—if you deceive her, some day she'll throw them in your face. They might even lead to a divorce and then they'd have to come out.

BILLY. If you say another word—— (*Enter BEATRICE—sees her and crosses to R.*) Oh, Miss Sloane, won't you sit here and let me make you comfortable? (*BEATRICE sits on chair R. of C. BILLY picking sofa pillow from sofa.*)

ALICE. (*Crossing to BILLY*) Say—I think you'd better——

BILLY. Go away—go away—run away and play.

ALICE. (*Starts a little to L. stops*) You'd better take my advice.

BILLY. (*Crossing to her*) Mind your own business, will you? (*Returns to BEATRICE.*)

ALICE. (*Going a little further L. then stopping*) Well, you'll regret it if you don't!

BILLY. (*Crossing angrily to her*) Go away and die somewhere. (*Returns to BEATRICE and puts pillows behind her back.*)

ALICE. Oh, all right—but it's very unhealthy to keep a skeleton in the closet. (*BILLY glares at her and ALICE exits L. quickly.*)

BEATRICE. What was she talking about? Was it a joke?

BILLY. (*Confused*) Yes—no, that is, she thinks it is. Beatrice.

BEATRICE. Yes?

BILLY. I've had something on the tip of my tongue—(*Confused*)—that I want to tell you.

BEATRICE. Is it a secret?

BILLY. Yes.

BEATRICE. What an uncomfortable place to hide it. (*She laughs.*)

BILLY. Don't laugh. I'm serious. (*Taking her hand.*) Beatrice—I've admired you immensely for years—— Ever since I met you six months ago, you've been the motive power that worked the machine, don't you know?

BEATRICE. Why—Billy—I——

BILLY. Don't say you'll be a sister to me. First place it's old, and second place I've got one. (*Putting his arms around her*) Beatrice, I love you.

BEATRICE. The sailors will see.

BILLY. No, they won't. The man in the crow's nest is crowing—the lookout's looking out and the Captain's playing bridge. (*Turning her around to him.*) Beatrice, don't you like me a little?

BEATRICE. (*Glancing at him, and then evasively*) I like to see you smile, you have such lovely teeth. (*BILLY slowly releases her and looks away from her until in front of center door.*)

BILLY. Beatrice, before I ask you to make me the happiest fellow in the world, there is one thing that perhaps I ought to tell you.

BEATRICE. Yes. What is it?

BILLY. Promise me, it won't let it make any difference in your feelings toward me.

BEATRICE. (*Looking away from him shyly*) Not if it isn't too dreadful.

BILLY. It's simply awful! (*BEATRICE turns surprised.*) To me, to me. You may not mind it at all, you may have some of your own. Have you?

BEATRICE. (*Puzzled*) Some of my own?

BILLY. No, no. Of course not. I don't mean that. You see it's a delicate subject and it's very painful to me to speak of it. The fact is—do you really think it's necessary?

BEATRICE. I think after what you said just now

you ought not to conceal anything that might make a difference, if it ever came out.

BILLY. (*Looking in the direction ALICE has gone*) She was right.

BEATRICE What?

BILLY. You're right. Well—oh, promise me you won't let them come between us.

BEATRICE. (*Astonished*) Them! Is there more than one?

BILLY. (*Hopelessly*) There are four!

BEATRICE. (*Turning away, gently shocked*) Oh, Billy!

BILLY. You—you see—I had—that is the way I've got—— (*At this moment the STEWARD enters c. the swinging doors striking BILLY on the back, and throwing him forward a little on his hands.*)

STEWARD. (*Apologetically*) Beg pardon, sir. (*STEWARD crosses around in front of BILLY and exits L. BEATRICE does not turn at all during this business, which must be done very rapidly. BILLY, as soon as he strikes the stage, claps his left hand over his mouth with an agonized look on his face.*)

BEATRICE. Yes—go on. What were you going to tell me? I'm waiting. Oh, I see, you've changed your mind. Please don't trouble yourself to deny it. I dare say you knew what you were going to tell me would put an end to everything between us, and you are very wise to keep your mouth shut. (*During these speeches, BILLY has hand always over mouth, looks between his legs and around stage L. with his eyes, then turns and looks about R. Can't see his teeth, crosses to where BEATRICE is standing and tries to see under her dress, thinking they may have rolled there. As he can't see them, he bumps against her lightly, which moves her. At the same moment their eyes meet and with a look of agony, BILLY rushes off c. as the curtain descends.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

AT RISE: BEATRICE *discovered in tears, with* MRS. SLOANE *very much excited, walking up and down in front of her.*

MRS. SLOANE. (*Pausing before her*) You see, this all comes of disobedience. Didn't I warn you not to have anything to do with him?

BEATRICE. (*Tearfully*) Yes.

MRS. SLOANE. And the moment my face is turned you fly in the back of it. You thought you knew more about it than I did. It's always the way. If I were to swear that black was white, you'd say it wasn't. (*She walks away R. and comes back again.*) Why didn't he come to me? I'm the proper person to confide such things to. How dare he take advantage of your innocence?

BEATRICE. Perhaps he thought you were innocent too.

MRS. SLOANE. He ought to know better. That hasn't got anything to do with it. What else did he say to you?

BEATRICE. (*Sobbing*) He told me there were four of them.

MRS. SLOANE. Good heavens. I didn't think he was capable of such a thing.

BEATRICE. Well, he is, and he can't give them up.

MRS. SLOANE. Why not? Surely, he isn't tied to them for life. What happened after that?

BEATRICE. Nothing. He started to explain, but he stopped. I suppose he was too much ashamed to go any further.

MRS. SLOANE. It seems to me that was far enough. The idea. Then what did you do?

BEATRICE. I told him I didn't want to hear any more, and that there never could be anything between us but——

MRS. SLOANE. Those four—ahem! Go on!

BEATRICE. That's all. He rushed downstairs looking as though he was going to choke to death.

MRS. SLOANE. I hope he did.

BEATRICE. Oh, mother! (*Resumes her weeping.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Don't "Oh, mother" me. It's all your own fault. He would never have had a chance to confide his piccadillies, I mean peccadilloes, to you, if you had taken his advice. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. It's simply disgraceful—absolutely outrageous—I never—Who am I, anyway, that's what I'd like to know? (*She folds her arms as though defying someone to tell her and gazes sternly out to sea. Enter ALICE quickly L. She stops suddenly at sight of picture.*)

ALICE. (*Aside*) Oh, he must have told her about them and it's all off. (*Aloud.*) Why, what's the matter, Beatrice? What's happened?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Indignantly*) Your brother——

ALICE. (*Pleasantly*) Yes, he told me he was going to. I suppose you were very much surprised.

MRS. SLOANE. I shall never recover from the shock.

BEATRICE. (*Sobbing*) Neither will I.

ALICE. Oh, yes you will. You'll soon get used to them.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Bursting into rage*) What?

BEATRICE. (*Surprised and indignant*) I never was so insulted in all my life.

ALICE. Oh, pshaw! You mustn't mind a little thing like that!

MRS. SLOANE. A little thing, a little thing!

Listen to that, and I thought she was such a nice girl.

BEATRICE. How can you talk about it like that?

ALICE. Why, you don't have to see them if you don't want to.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Advancing to her, as she nervously backs away*) See them? Did I understand you to say, "See them"? Miss Hargrave, do you think I would allow my daughter to associate—— See them! Good heavens, what is the world coming to?

ALICE. (*Resentfully*) Not to its senses, that's certain. (*Appealing*) Look here, Beatrice—you're not going to break my brother's heart for a mere trifle like that, are you? There's no danger of inheritance, you know.

MRS. SLOANE. If you call your brother's past life a trifle, Miss Hargrave, you evidently don't know much about it.

ALICE. I don't understand. What have you got to do with his past life?

MRS. SLOANE. Come, my dear, I can't allow you to discuss the subject any further.

ALICE. Won't you tell me what he said?

BEATRICE. He only started——

MRS. SLOANE. She couldn't permit him to finish.

ALICE. (*To BEATRICE*) Then you don't know anything about——?

BEATRICE. No, and I don't want to. I never want to see him again.

ALICE. But, Beatrice——

MRS. SLOANE. Excuse me, Miss Hargrave. Mr. Eustace is waiting to take Beatrice to dinner. Come, dear. (*They exit frigidly into stateroom C.*)

ALICE. But wait a minute, Beatrice. I want to speak to you. You don't understand. (*They shut the door in her face. She does not understand—turns, puzzled.*) Past life! I wonder what else

Billy's concealing besides his teeth. (*As she exits R.*)
I must find him and make him tell me.

(*After a slight pause, the Boatswain enters L., carrying shuffle-board, dice and sticks. Immediately after, the SAILOR enters R., from the other side, carrying a chair and some camp stools.*)

SAILOR. Which is C? It's to have this special stronge one.

BOATSWAIN. Party with a deck and a broad bilge?

SAILOR. Sounds like it.

BOATSWAIN. (*Pointing to MRS. SLOANE'S door*)
Over 'ere. (*The Sailor places the chair while the Boatswain gathers up a coil of rope out of which fall the teeth. He picks them up wonderingly as the Sailor turns.*)

SAILOR. What's that?

BOATSWAIN. I dunno. Looks like some kind of a charm.

SAILOR. 'Tain't 'ardly reg'lar enough for a ornament.

BOATSWAIN. (*After holding it arms' length*)
Why, it's teeth.

SAILOR. Human teeth?

BOATSWAIN. Certainly. False human teeth.

SAILOR. 'Ow did you know they 'ere?

BOATSWAIN. Must 'ave been dropped.

SAILOR. Who dropped 'em?

BOATSWAIN. That's the question.

SAILOR. P'r'aps somebody throwed 'em away.

BOATSWAIN. (*Pityingly*) You can't 'elp it, I suppose. You don't see it often enough to know it well—but that is gold.

SAILOR. Real gold?

BOATSWAIN. All the way from ten to eighteen karats.

SAILOR. What's vegetables got to do with it?

BOATSWAIN. Wait for a reward.

SAILOR. Maybe they won't offer any.

BOATSWAIN. You don't know the real value of an article like this. I'll tell you. One time I 'ad a rich uncle who owned a set of those things, only 'is was more complete-like, 'avin' teeth o' various sizes all around the edge. Well, one day he lost 'em while he was bathin' in the sea. Blowed if he didn't offer a quid to any one of us kids that would bring 'em up for 'im, and we arf drowned ourselves divin' after 'em. (*Moving toward exit.*) Now if this is an old party, which most likely it is, there's no tellin' what he may be willin' to give to get it back.

SAILOR. (*Following him*) Whatever it is, I'm satisfied.

BOATSWAIN. How do you make that out?

SAILOR. Well, of course, it's my duty to report the find to the purser, but I'm ready to listen to reason if——

BOATSWAIN. I wouldn't 'ave your greedy disposition if it came in a prize packet with the crown of jewels. (*They exit L.*)

(*Slight pause, then enter BILLY from center. He wears a long overcoat with the collar turned up about his ears, and under that a white sweater pulled up so that it covers his mouth. He looks hurriedly to R. and L., then begins searching on stage, just R. of C. opening. Enter ALICE quickly from L.*)

ALICE. Say, Billy, what have you done to Beatrice? She says she'll never speak to you again because you've got a past life. Where did you get it, Billy? (*He pays no attention to her.*) And Mrs. Sloane, too—they're in an awful state. You must have said something terrible. (*Watching his move-*

ments.) What are you doing that for? Is it a game? Why are you all muffled up that way? Have you got a chill? What are you looking for?

BILLY. (*Facing her and pulling the sweater from his mouth*) Theeth!

ALICE. (*Smothering a scream*) Good heavens, where are they?

BILLY. (*Turns away from her and again looking R.*) I don't know.

ALICE. What!

BILLY. (*Turning to her angrily*) Don't yell like that, and go down thairth and get me the other thet, quick!

ALICE. What other set?

BILL. The extra thet, the theat you packed.

ALICE. Say, Billy, do you have to talk like that?

BILLY. (*Turning R. again*) Well, I won't when you get me the other thet.

ALICE. But I didn't pack any other set.

BILLY. What! You didn't?

ALICE. Why, no!

BILLY. (*Coming slowly toward her*) But Mother gave them to you to take care of.

ALICE. Oh, yes, I remember.

BILLY. And you forgot to bring them?

ALICE. (*Tearfully*) Yes, Billy—I'm awfully sorry, but Mother gave me so many things to take care of.

BILLY. (*Shaking her*) Sthop crying—and help me to look for thith thet then. (*He starts to extreme R. of stage. ALICE goes to R. of center opening and they search among the chairs, etc. During the subsequent lines, coming together gradually.*)

ALICE. How could you be so careless? You know I told you you ought to use glue or——

BILLY. Or nailth, or therewth, or riveth the I thuppothe. Thut up and look.

ALICE. Do you suppose the wind carried them to the other side of the ship?

BILLY. Do you believe in fairieth?

ALICE. Then you ought to tie a piece of string to them until you're sure of them. How did they get away from you? Did you cough them out?

BILLY. No. A bally idiot bumped into me and they flew.

ALICE. (*Terrified*) Not towards the sea?

BILLY. (*Pointing L.*) No, I think it wath over thith thide.

(ALICE crosses to extreme L. BILLY to L. of c. opening and business of search is duplicated as on the other side during subsequent speeches.)

ALICE. Oh. You know Grandma used to lose hers every time she sneezed, and we had to hunt for them, don't you remember?

BILLY. Yeth, she alwayth gave me fifty thenth every time I found 'em. I'd give fifth dollarth to find mine.

ALICE. Are you sure it was on this side? You know you never know where you put anything.

BILLY. Do you think I'm playing hide and theek with 'em? Maybe they're hanging to thomething. Look under that book.

ALICE. (*Shaking the leaves of the book*) No, they're not there. Oh, there they are.

BILLY. Where?

ALICE. (*Kneeling beside chair*) Down here. I see the gold. (*Picks up from extreme L. a brass ring. BILLY looks at it in disgust and turns away c.*) Oh, no; it isn't. Looks something like a baby's teething ring, doesn't it?

BILLY. (*Turning on her furiously and baring his teeth*) Alith!

ALICE. (*Startled*) Oh, Billy, you have so changed.

(BILLY *claps his hand over his mouth.*) Don't you think you'd better go down to your cabin for a little while?

BILLY. I won't leave thith thpot until I find them. (*Crosses R., looking around.*) They muth be sthomwhere, and thomeone elthe might thstep on them. Thereth only one perthon I really care about and thath Beatrith—— (*He pauses, horrified.*) Beatrith! (*Crosses slowly to c., ALICE doing the same, meeting him there.*) Lithen to that, I can't they it.

ALICE. Then why don't you go to her and explain. Tell her—you've mislaid them.

BILLY. How can I thpeak to her when I can't thay her name!

ALICE. (*With sudden inspiration*) Call her Miss Sloane?

BILLY. Thatth a good idea! Thatth it! Mitth Thl—— I can't thay that either.

ALICE. But she thinks you've done something awful. You'll lose her if you don't say something.

BILLY. I'll loothe her if I do. Where ithe thhe now?

ALICE. Gone down to dinner with that Sam Eustace. I suppose he'll get her now that you're speechless. Mrs. Sloane will attend to that just to spite you. (BILLY *looks desperate.*) Oh, Billy, I'm so sorry for you. I really am—I——

BILLY. You ought to be athamed of yourthelf, Alith. Thee, I can't thay your name either. (*He throws himself in chair R. in disgust.*)

ALICE. (*Crossing to him*) Then the only thing for you to do is to stay in your cabin and say you're seasick, and I'll pick out all the soft things on the bill of fare and bring them to you myself. (*She turns L.C.*)

BILLY. And let Beatrith get engaged to that fellow Tham Euthtathe—not on your life! (*Rising and going to ALICE.*) Thith ith all your fault. If

you don't want to ruin my entire exithenthe, you'll find thomething to fill thith up. (*Pointing to his mouth.*) That fellow Euthathe ith an ath, and he thant have Beatrith, if I have to think the thip.

ALICE. Sink, Billy.

BILLY. (*Trying hard*) Think the——

ALICE. Sink.

BILLY. Think the—— Oh! (*Gives it up in disgust, strides R., and back to ALICE.*)

ALICE. (*Sympathetically*) Never mind, Billy. I know what you mean. But what can I do? I haven't got a thing that looks like teeth.

BILLY. You haven't got a thing that lookth like brainth. Can't you go and see if thereth a dentitht on board?

ALICE. Yes, of course. Do you think he'll have any your size?

BILLY. Any thize ith better than thith thpathe.

ALICE. (*Joyfully*) And we can send a wireless to Mother for the other set.

BILLY. Thath tho. If thhe thendth them by the Theaboard expreth they'll be in Havana almoth ath thoon ath we are.

ALICE. And you can write a note to Beatrice asking her not to sentence you before you get there, when you will explain everything.

BILLY. Thplendid! Oh, if it had been anyone but me, what muth thhe think of me!

ALICE. Was she here when they left you?

BILLY. Yeth.

ALICE. Then perhaps she found them. Shall I ask her?

BILLY. (*In terror of the thought*) No, good Lord! (*ALICE stops.*) I wonder if thhe did.

ALICE. She might have.

BILLY. (*Nervously*) Jutht find out, but don't thay anything about it.

ALICE. But, Billy—how can I find out if I don't thay anything about it.

BILLY. (*Pushing her off c.*) Look in her room. Thearth her trunk. Feel in her pocketh. Only don't tell her what you're looking for.

ALICE. But, Billy, she may be in her cabin.

BILLY. Go and thee about the Dr . . . Thith thuthpenthe ith thimply inthupportable.

ALICE. Oh, Billy! (*He moves her off c. and then turns front in despair.*)

BILLY. Beatri—Beatrith—— I can't thay it. I can't thay it. (*He energetically renews search for teeth L.C. on knees. The Stewardess enters c. with steamer rug and pillow. She stops, interested in his actions.*)

STEWARDESS. You are looking for something—yes? (*BILLY nods his head. After a slight pause*) You have found it not yet? (*BILLY shakes his head.*) Did you drop it, or did it roll away?

BILLY. It flew.

STEWARDESS. Vid vings?

BILLY. No. Go away. Don't bother me.

STEWARDESS. (*Politely*) Oh, it is no bother. Did you look in the sea yet?

BILLY. What?

STEWARDESS. (*Embarrassed at her blunder*) Oh, what I mean, iss it here on de boards or iss it dere in de vater?

BILLY. How can I tell?

STEWARDESS. Maybe if you let me know vas iss it I could help you find it.

BILLY. (*Quickly*) No, ith no uthe, I've theathed all over the plathe.

STEWARDESS. (*Inquiringly*) Vat ist?

BILLY. I thay the thhantheth are it thpilled into the thea.

STEWARDESS. (*Doubtfully*) Sprechen sie Deutsch?

BILLY. No. You're the thhuped, you're harm-
leth. (*He throws himself dejectedly into chair.*)

STEWARDESS. (*Much bewildered*) You ain't feel-
in' good, maybe, already, vat?

BILLY. (*Groaning in disgust*) You'd thoon
make thomebody thick!

STEWARDESS. (*Listening attentively*) Um?

BILLY. I thay, you make me thick.

STEWARDESS. (*Puzzled*) Dot is queer—you
speak like your tongue vas ticklish.

BILLY. Don't get fresh or you'll be thorry for it.

STEWARDESS. (*Disappointed, shaking her head
and then appealing*) Vonce again, please.

BILLY. (*Taking her by the hand*) Thee here,
can I trutht you with a thecret?

STEWARDESS. (*After a little pause, pretending she
has understood*) I would like to, but I don't know
how.

BILLY. (*Annoyed*) Don't you know what a
thecret ith? It'th something you muth not whitper
to a thingle thoul.

STEWARDESS. Vy don't you sneeze—it might
make you feel better.

BILLY. (*Leaving her in disgust*) Oh, thhaw.
You haven't got any thenthe.

STEWARDESS. (*Following him sympathetically*)
Really, I feel a sadness for you. Would you like a
lemon?

BILLY. I don't need one while you're here.

STEWARDESS. (*Relieved*) Vy don't you speak
like dot always, instead of talking dot broken lan-
vidge?

BILLY. (*Furiously*) You'll exathperate me be-
yond endurance in a second.

STEWARDESS. (*Discouraged*) There he goes
again.

BILLY. (*Taking her by the wrist*) Lithen! I've
thuffered a very theriouth loth. Do you underthand?

(She smiles at him uncomprehendingly.) Do you?
(She nods her head nervously. He continues bitterly) If you had brainth, inthead of thauerkraut under your hair you'd have notithed ath thoon ath you thaw me what wath mithing, but let that path. Now I want your athithance, thee? If any one runth acroth thomething, thend word to me, and let me know if you thee any thuthpithiouth actionth amongth the pathengerth. If you can trath it, I athure you no expenthe will be spared in compen-thation. It ith a cathe of think or thwim, and the perthon who rethtoreth my lotht treasure will re-joithe, ath thure ath thootin'. Understand that?

STEWARDEE. Oh, yes, you vill soon get used to de motion, and then you vill be playing skittles—
(He leaves her in disgust, and then turns rathfully.)

BILLY. Oh—I have no pathienthe with you.

STEWARDESS. *(Greatly distressed)* If you would say it in English vonce. *(Exit c.)*

BILLY. Beatri—Beatrith—I can't thay it, I can't thay it. *(MRS. SLOANE suddenly bounces out of her cabin and panic stricken, he tries to fly.)*

MRS. SLOANE. Oh, it's you, is it? That's right, add cowardice to your other faults and run away from me. *(BILLY stops and pulls his coat collar and sweater up around his face.)* I don't wonder you try to hide your face, you know its expression would not betray your falseness. I always thought you had a deceitful mouth. Don't attempt to deny what you've done. Nothing you could say now would be of any use. *(BILLY winces uncomfortably.)* No, I don't want to hear a word. You have outraged a mother's feelings beyond forgiveness. There is no hope of recovering what you have lost. Don't try to grit your teeth at me. You opened a dark secret to that young girl which can never be closed, never, never! I should think you would rather have bitten your tongue out than said such

things. How dare you intrude your illicit confidences upon my daughter! What right have you to ask her to accept your artificial affections? Don't open your lips, it would only make matters worse. (*BILLY puts his hand on his mouth.*) That's right, bite your nails. It's only another evidence of weakness. Oh, I dare say you've got some story ready, and explanation of what you don't intend, some hypocritical excuse, but I won't listen to it, I tell you. If you were to speak to me now, I would scream, I would scream! (*Enter SAM from R. so that BILLY is between them and therefore there is no escape for him. When he sees SAM he bows his head and sinks his head as far possible into his sweater, which gives him a very hang-dog appearance.*)

SAM. (*To MRS. SLOANE*) Oh, there you are, Mrs. Sloane. I've been trying to find you. Am I intruding?

MRS. SLOANE. No, you have just come in time to witness my last word to this young man.

SAM. Oh, I'd like a word with you, Hargrave. (*He waits for BILLY to answer, and then continues speaking cautiously.*) I regret to hear that you have deeply offended Miss Sloane.

MRS. SLOANE. Insulted.

SAM. Oh, was it? Insulted Miss Sloane. (*Another slight pause, but BILLY doesn't answer. With a little more confidence.*) Well, what are you going to do about it? (*BILLY remains silent.*) Come, come, this won't do, you know. Now what have you to say for yourself? (*BILLY glares at him.*) I mean, are you going to apologize? (*BILLY relapses in the same rejected attitude. SAM taking advantage of his inaction grows courageous.*) Now see here, Hargrave, Mrs. Sloane and her daughter are traveling under my protection. You hear? My protection, and therefore, anyone who annoys them

is answerable to me. Do you understand that? (BILLY writhes and SAM's valor increases.) I demand an explanation of your conduct, sir. Now, at once. Speak, man—speak.

MRS. SLOANE. He knows there's nothing he could say that would mean anything.

SAM. (*With rising anger*) I hope you won't force me to make an example of you before a lady.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Slightly alarmed at SAM's tone*) Never mind. He'll regret it later.

SAM. Excuse me, Mrs. Sloane, I will not permit this insolence. He must give me satisfaction.

MRS. SLOANE. Not now. It might make a scene.

SAM. You young cad, you! If you were alone, I'd thrash you within an inch of your life.

MRS. SLOANE. Oh, Sam, I'd rather you didn't.

SAM. (*Trying to suppress his wrath*) Please leave us for a few minutes, Mrs. Sloane.

MRS. SLOANE. Oh, no, not now.

SAM. You're a coward, that's what you are. (BILLY is almost dancing with impotent rage.) Why, you haven't got the courage to open your mouth.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Pulling him away*) Please don't Sam. I don't want you to hurt him.

SAM. (*By this time quite uncontrollable*) A rank coward. I throw it in your teeth. Look at him, he's actually white with fear. He hasn't got enough nerve to stand up.

MRS. SLOANE. Don't talk so loud, Sam, you'll attract attention.

SAM. Why don't you call me something? Because you're afraid to.

MRS. SLOANE. There'll be a scandal if you're not careful. Come along.

SAM. The only thing that's saved you this trip is this lady's presence, but the next time, look out. (MRS. SLOANE is pulling him off backwards.) I warn you now, keep out of my way. I'll make

you— (*He trips over a stool as MRS. SLOANE drags him off L. BILLY looks after them.*)

BILLY. They'll thend you home in a pill box when I get through with you. Jutht wait until I can talk straight again and I'll threathh you theme of the English language that you overlooked at thchool — (*Enter STEWARD R. with a blank in his hand.*)

STEWARD. Beg pardon, sir, but the operator would like to know if this message is correct.

BILLY. What meththage?

STEWARD. The one the young lady handed in a little while ago, sir!

BILLY. Of courthe it ith——

STEWARD. He thought perhaps there was a mistake in a word, sir!

BILLY. What word?

STEWARD. Tombstones, sir!

BILLY. Tombstonth?

STEWARD. Yes, sir! The message reads like this, sir! "Send Billy's tombstones to Havana. Quick. His future happiness depends upon them."

BILLY. Well, what of it?

STEWARD. Nothing, sir! Only it's rather unusual having more than one tombstone.

BILLY. Ith it? Well, thath my buthineth.

STEWARD. Oh, I see. Well, of course he didn't know you were in that line, sir.

BILLY. Line? What line?

STEWARD. The gravestone line, sir.

BILLY. (*Desperately*) Go. Tell him to thend it jutht ath it ith, and not to thtick hith nothe in other peoplthe affairth or it'th liable to get pinthd.

STEWARD. Yes, sir. Dear me! You have got a cold, sir. Did you ever try cammomile tea for influenza, sir? It will clear your head in no time, sir.

BILLY. (*Furiously*) I'll knock yourth off if you thand there muth longer.

STEWARD. Yes, sir, much obliged, sir. (*He exits R.*)

BILLY. (*Alone*) My heart would break if I had time to think of it. (*Enter DOCTOR.*)

DOCTOR. Oh, Mr. Hargrave. What! Under the weather so soon?

BILLY. (*In muffled tone*) Go away.

DOCTOR. Come, come, you mustn't mind me.

BILLY. (*As before*) Go away.

DOCTOR. (*Laughing*) Why you're as sensitive as the nerve of an eye tooth. Now then, tell me what's the matter?

BILLY. Thea thickneth.

DOCTOR. (*Puzzled*) What are you eating?

BILLY. Nothing. I can't eat.

DOCTOR. Strange, strange, you talk as though your mouth was full.

BILLY. Well it ithn't, it'th empty. I tell you I'm thea thick.

DOCTOR. Nonsense. The sea's like a lake. (*He feels BILLY's pulse. Looks at watch.*)

BILLY. (*Woefully*) I've loht everything.

DOCTOR. What! In this calm? That's peculiar. Well, there's no fever. Come now open your mouth and let's have a look at the tongue.

BILLY. Go away from me. Go away from me. I don't want a doctor, and I wouldn't have you for a thick cat. You're driving me crathy, and I won't be rethponthi—rethonthible for my actionth.

DOCTOR. (*Surprised and nervously backing away from him*) Mr. Hargrave, I'm not used to such treatment.

BILLY. If you don't want to go to Heaven by the deep thea route, leave me alone.

DOCTOR. But, Mr. Hargrave——

BILLY. Get out of my thight or I'll thwab the deck with you.

DOCTOR. (*As he flies off L.*) Good gracious.!

Where's the captain? (*Enter ALICE hurriedly, c.*)

BILLY. (*Hopefully*) Well?

ALICE. There's nothing but a horse doctor on board.

BILLY. (*Dejectedly*) Of courthe not.

ALICE. I asked him if he knew anything about dentistry, but——

BILLY. Never mind that. We'll have to find thome other way. Now look here, what did Beatrith and Mrthth Thlone thay to you bouth me?

ALICE. That you had a past life.

BILLY. You thaid that before. What elthe?

ALICE. And that you had insulted her.

BILLY. But I didn't.

ALICE. Well, what did you do?

BILLY. I tharted to take your advithe and tell her about—theethe, and juth ath I thaid I had four of 'em that damn fool opened the door and I loht 'em.

ALICE. Yes, but you didn't say four what?

BILLY. Thupposing I didn't, thatth no reathon why Mitheth Thlone though talk about dark thecreath and accuthe me of having illithit confidentheth.

ALICE. Yes, it is.

BILLY. (*Indignantly*) How ith it?

ALICE. Because she thinks you are talking about her——

BILLY. What?

ALICE. Past lives. Why didn't you say it right out instead of counting them up first?

BILLY. Becauthe I didn't want to dethieve her.

ALICE. I suppose you thuttered and thtam—look at that, you make me do it too.

BILLY. (*Earnestly*) Do you mean to thay that Beatr—thhe really thinkth I wath going to confeth thome dithgrathful thircumthanthe in my career, to her above all otherth?

ALICE. Yes, I'm sure she does.

BILLY. (*Peevishly*) Then why don't you tell her if it itn't so?

ALICE. Do you think she'd believe me after the way you've behaved? I'll tell her what's the matter with you if you like.

BILLY. (*Sharply*) No.

ALICE. It's the only way to settle it.

BILLY. I can't—it wath bad enough when I had 'em. I could never look her in the fathe without them.

ALICE. All right, but just remember, I warned you.

BILLY. (*Throwing himself forlornly into a chair*) Oh, thut up—have you theen her?

ALICE. Yes. She's around on the other side with Sam Eustace, and by the time he gets through telling her about the scrapes you've been in she wouldn't have you if you had a double set of teeth.

BILLY. (*Rising*) What do you mean? Wh'th he thaying? How do you know?

ALICE. I was in the saloon and they were sitting under the window.

BILLY. Go on.

ALICE. And the first of all I heard him tell her was that you couldn't be trusted with the reputation of a saint.

BILLY. The thwine.

ALICE. And then he said you fell in love with every girl you met and you didn't meet many nice ones.

BILLY. The low down thneak.

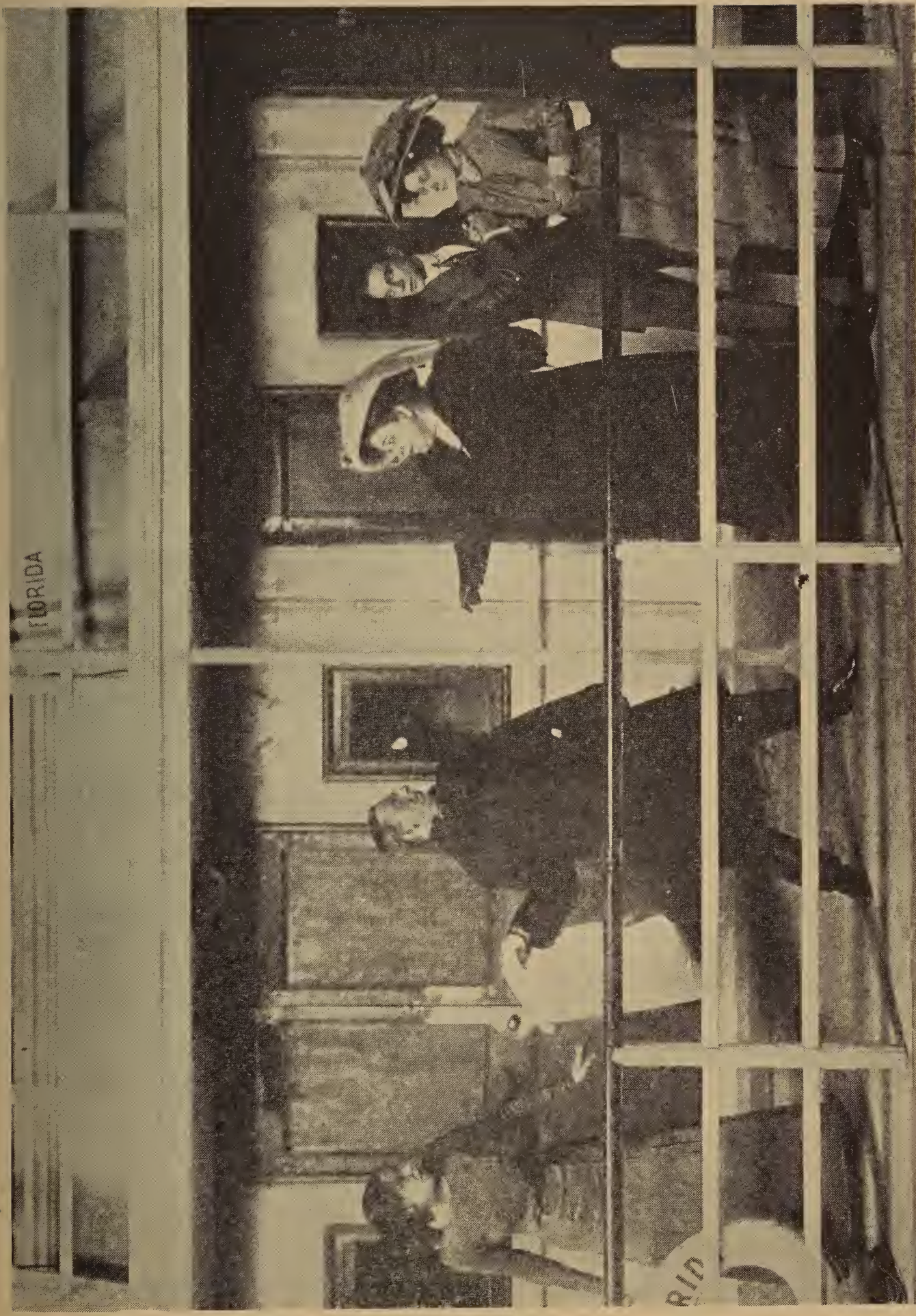
ALICE. And at College, the fellows called you, "The Turkish Delight."

BILLY. The—— (*The rest is inarticulate.*)

ALICE. And he told her about a quartet that came to the Opera House with some show.

BILLY. *What?*

ALICE. I think he called them The Four Frivolous



FLORAS. He said you were crazy about them and traveled with the company for almost a week.

BILLY. He told her that, did he?

ALICE. Yes and more.

BILLY. I'll make him thwallow every word on hith kneeth. (*He starts off c., but ALICE grabs him.*)

ALICE. Billy, don't be so foolish, you can't talk to him like that.

BILLY. I forgot. Oh, Alith, if you have any regard for your brotherth peathe of mind, help him to replathe his teethe.

ALICE. Billy, you know I'd do anything in the world for you if I——

BILLY. Don't thay any more, but keep thtill and let me think. (*With earnest conviction.*) There mutht be otherth. (*ALICE nods her head.*) Thith ith a large ship.

ALICE. (*Anxiously*) Yes, it is.

BILLY. (*With decision*) Thee here, go and thee if any of the pathengeth have got a thet of falth teeth they'll rent until we get to Havana.

ALICE. But Billy, how can I tell which have and which haven't?

BILLY. Thay you've made a bet on hith age and look in their mouth.

ALICE. (*Indignantly*) Billy!

BILLY. Go and get 'em, I need them more than they do.

ALICE. But Billy, suppose they haven't got the right number of teeth?

BILLY. Oh, we'll knock the restht of 'em off. (*Turning on her furiously.*) You've got to get 'em if you have to thteal 'em.

ALICE. (*Speaking very rapidly and walking off*) Well, I'll do the best I can, but it's a very hard thing for a girl to approach a perfect stranger and offer to rent their false teeth. (*Exits R.*)

BILLY. (*Alone*) I'd give a farm to toy with the

man that made me a toothleth thpeethleth infant. Bea—Beatrith—— (*Almost in tears.*) I can't thay it. I can't thay it. (*The CAPTAIN enters from center door and goes quickly L. without seeing BILLY, who suddenly turns and sees him and rushes after him calling.*) Captain, Captain. (*The CAPTAIN stops and turns.*) You've got to go back for an hour.

CAPTAIN. Ha, ha, ha.

BILLY. Don't laugh. I'm in earneth. I've left thomething behind that I can't live without.

CAPTAIN. Is that so? Well, I guess you'll last a few days longer.

BILLY. Oh, don't get tharcathtic. Thith ith a matter of life and death. You've got to put back to port and let me off.

CAPTAIN. You may be able to run a football team, Mr. Hargrave, but you can't run my ship.

BILLY. I'm willing to pay extra for your trouble.

CAPTAIN. (*Sternly*) No, sir. It's out of the question.

BILLY. (*Desperately*) How much ith the old tub worth? I'll buy it from you.

CAPTAIN. (*Turning away L. contemptuously*) Pshaw!

BILLY. If you don't do what I ask you to do, I'll have you reported for discourtethy. Can't you thee I'm dethpreth?

CAPTAIN. (*Severly*) No, Mr. Hargrave, you're drunk. I can tell it by the way you talk. (*He starts off L.*)

BILLY. (*Stopping him and turning him around*) You're an ath.

CAPTAIN. What?

BILLY. I'm a thick man.

CAPTAIN. What's the matter with you?

BILLY. Thmall pox.

CAPTAIN. Then we'll quarantine you.

BILLY. If you refuth me you'll be thorry for the consequetheth.

CAPTAIN. I'll take care of that, sir.

BILLY. Will you put me on there for an hour?

CAPTAIN. No, sir, I'll put you in irons if you don't behave yourself, and feed you on hard tack. *(He exits very angrily L.)*

BILLY. *(Looking after him)* For two pinth, I'd knock out every toothe in hith head. *(ALICE opens center door suddenly and pokes her head out.)*

ALICE. Supposin' I can't find anything but lowers?

BILLY. What?

ALICE. Lower teeth. Would they do?

BILLY. No, of courthe not.

ALICE. Why? Couldn't you turn them upside down?

BILLY. Have you got any brainth at all? No, no, no——

ALICE. Billy! Be careful! They're coming. *(She grabs him and pulls him into cabin B, leaving the door open as BEATRICE and SAM EUSTACE enter from the other side L. BILLY and ALICE stand quietly waiting to hear what they have to say.)*

SAM. *(Speaking as he enters)* I can't help feeling more or less to blame in the matter, because I introduced him to you originally. *(He places chair for her.)* Of course, I didn't know then what a bounder he was. *(ALICE points at BILLY as much as to say: "He means you." He looks out at them cautiously.)* Let me put this cushion behind your back. Of course, he never really belonged to our set, you know, though he used to try and butt in once in a while. We only stood for him because he could play the game a little. *(BILLY is about to throw a sponge at him when ALICE seizes his hand and takes it away from him.)* You had better have

this rug around you. You'll get chilly sitting still. (*He tucks the rug carefully around her while BILLY watches in agony.*) If you'll only say so, I'll make him apologize to you on his bended knees.

BEATRICE. No, no. I'd rather not. Besides it might not be so easy.

SAM. Oh, it isn't much of a trick to make Billy Hargrave sit up and behave. Why, he acted like a whipped cur when I was calling him down a little while ago. Your mother will tell you. (*BILLY is about to throw a hair brush when ALICE prevents him as before.*)

BEATRICE. (*Almost tearfully*) Didn't he say anything at all?

SAM. Not a single word.

BEATRICE. (*As before*) How did he look?

SAM. As though he enjoyed it.

BEATRICE. (*Bridling*) It's a bad joke that only makes the joker laugh.

SAM. Take my word for it, he's a hopeless case. Heaven only knows how his family must have suffered with him. Why, they've probably sent him on this trip to avoid some scandal.

BEATRICE. I thought he came because he had been sick.

SAM. Of course, they had to say something, but you see they sent his sister with him to keep him out of trouble. I pity that poor girl.

BEATRICE. (*Pettishly*) She looks as though she could take care of both of them. (*ALICE grows very indignant while BILLY laughs silently at her until she holds a hand glass in front of him.*)

SAM. Of course, it was inevitable, with your sweet nature, that you should make excuses for him, and try to reclaim him, but the thing that makes me hot is that I was too decent to give him away until he had shown you what kind of a cad he could be.

BEATRICE. Oh, you were to blame. (*BILLY starts*

to throw water-bottle and is restrained as before.)

SAM. *(Taking her R. hand in his L. hand)* You'll forgive me, won't you? You know I wouldn't do anything to offend you for the world.

BEATRICE. I know. *(BILLY hangs his head against the frame of the door.)*

SAM. *(Jestingly)* You won't judge me by this unfortunate acquaintance of mine?

BEATRICE. *(Stirring uneasily and withdrawing her hand)* No!

SAM. Your hands are cold, let me warm them for you. *(BILLY seizes a towel and bites it. BEATRICE allows SAM to take both her hands.)* Beatrice.

BEATRICE. Yes. *(BILLY'S attitude becomes tense and tragic.)*

SAM. You remember I told you I had a question to ask you. *(BILLY starts and ALICE grabs him.)*

BEATRICE. Yes. *(BILLY struggles with ALICE.)*

SAM. *(Leaning very close to her)* What is the answer? *(BILLY reaches for something.)*

BEATRICE. *(Rises)* Oh, not now, Sam.

SAM. *(Passionately)* When? When can I have my answer?

BEATRICE. *(After a little hesitation)* Tomorrow morning.

SAM. You darling. *(ALICE tries to restrain BILLY, and SAM tries to kiss BEATRICE.)*

BEATRICE. Oh, Sam, don't!

SAM. Just one. *(Trying to catch her lips.)* Just one little one, eh? *(At the moment he is going to kiss her, MRS. SLOANE comes quickly from her cabin, throwing the door back. At the sound SAM releases BEATRICE and at the same time BILLY breaks away from ALICE.)*

MRS. SLOANE. *(With beaming countenance)* Where are my child——? *(At the same time she receives a pillow in her solar plexus thrown with great force at SAM by BILLY. The blow deprives her of*

breath. SAM and BEATRICE rush to either side of her, patting her on the back and beseeching her to speak while she stands with eyes staring, and gasping for breath. BILLY has been obliged to step completely out of the cabin in order to aim correctly and hence is in full view of the others, who, when they discover the source of the missile, glare at him. ALICE stands behind him at the door in consternation. BILLY, when he realizes whom he has hit, looks terrified for a moment and then with desperate resignation:)

BILLY. Oh, whath the uthe! (*He falls into the steamer chair as—*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE: *The same as Act II. Early the next morning. There is just a tint of gray dawn in the sky, but the deck is still quite dark, lit only by the deck lights which are still burning. The chairs and stools are closed and placed against the side of the cabins. If possible the indistinct sounds of the engine and the wash of the waves against the boat should be conveyed.*

At rise, the stage is bare, and six bells are sounded in the distance. After a little pause, the door of stateroom B. is carefully opened and BILLY's head comes cautiously around it. After looking up and down he opens it wider, and steps out. He wears pajamas with a long overcoat over them, and slippers on his feet. His hair is disheveled and he looks anxious and worn. ALICE appears at the door behind him dressed in a long wrapper with a shawl around her shoulders. Her hair is braided down her back and she looks tired and sleepy. The interior of the room is dimly lighted but shows that the bed has not been disturbed. BILLY carries in his hand a small electric pocket lamp.

ALICE. (*Speaking softly but peevishly*) Oh, Billy, you're not going out again, are you?

BILLY. Yeth jutht onthe more. I forgot to look behind that latht ventilator.

ALICE. I wish you'd give it up.

BILLY. (*Trying the electric lamp*) Thereth

thomething the matter with thith light. (*He examines and fusses with it during the balance of the conversation.*)

ALICE. I suppose you've worn out the battery. It's only warranted for a hundred flashes. (*Almost tearfully.*) You said you would only make one thorough search after everybody had gone to bed and you had the deck to yourself, and you've made eight since then. Aren't you ever going to bed at all?

BILLY. I tell you I can't thleep.

ALICE. You might if you tried.

BILLY. (*Irritably*) I have tried.

ALICE. You don't stay downstairs long enough to give yourself a chance.

BILLY. Becauthe every time I get down there I remember thome plathe I haven't looked.

ALICE. I wish you'd let me get a little rest.

BILLY. What have I got to do with your rethe?

ALICE. (*Fretfully*) I haven't closed my eyes all night.

BILLY. Well, clothe 'em now.

ALICE. How can I, while you're wandering all over the boat trying to take your death of cold? Besides it's too late, I mean it's too early, it must be almost daylight.

BILLY. Thay, look here, do you realithe that I am the only one that got any right to kick? If it wathn't for your carelethneth, we'd both be thound athleep thith minute. You'd better thtop and con-thider what it meanth to me before you complain any more.

ALICE. (*Penitently*) I'm sorry, Billy, I didn't mean to be so selfish. But even if you found them, I don't believe Mrs. Sloane would ever let you speak to Beatrice after what happened this afternoon.

BILLY. It wath an acthident.

ALICE. Yes, but she'll never believe it was. I don't see how you can care so much for a girl that won't give you a chance to explain.

BILLY. Thhe'd give me a thanthe if I could.

ALICE. Then why didn't she read the letter you wrote her last night?

BILLY. Becauthe her mother thaw it firthe, I gueth.

ALICE. It wouldn't make much difference anyhow as long as you won't tell her what's happened to you. If you don't she'll be engaged to Sam Eustace before the day is out. You'll see. (BILLY *has restored the light.*) Remember she said she would give him his answer this morning.

BILLY. It might be "No."

ALICE. Not after that pillow. (*Peering off L.*) What's that?

BILLY. (*Looking in the same direction*) It'th the thailorth wathing down the deckth. Go inthide. I mutht make one latht effort before they thweep them overboard.

ALICE. Oh, Billy, you'll have pneumonia.

BILLY. I'd jutht ath thoon, if I've got to go on like thith. (*He commences to look along the deck with the aid of the little electric lamp.*)

ALICE. It would break mother's heart if she could see you now.

BILLY. For your thake, I'm glad thhe can't.

ALICE. (*Whispering anxiously after him*) Won't you please put this shawl around you?

BILLY. (*Whispering back*) No.

ALICE. Be careful you don't walk overboard in the dark.

BILLY. Go in, and thut the door. (*He continues his search along the deck and finally disappears R., and at the same time, with a glance in the other*

direction, ALICE retires into her cabin, softly closing the door. After a moment's pause, a long handled deck brush appears in the hands of the SAILOR followed by the BOATSWAIN, who carries a bucket of water which he occasionally splashes with his hands on the deck. In their progress they move the chairs, etc., in order to scrub, and replace them, as they move along.)

BOATSWAIN. (*Pointing in the direction BILLY has gone, and speaking in a husky whisper*) See! There he goes! See 'im crouchin' down by the davits?

SAILOR. (*Peering off*) Wot's 'e doing?

BOATSWAIN. (*Mysteriously*) Looks as though 'e was follerin' some marks along the deck.

SAILOR. (*A little nervously; stops scrubbing*) Wot sort o' marks?

BOATSWAIN. (*As before*) Foot-prints perhaps, but most likely blood-stains.

SAILOR. W'y should it be anythink so 'orrid—lofty——

BOATSWAIN. 'E's lookin' for the h'evidences of crime.

SAILOR. (*Becoming very nervous*) W'ose crime?

BOATSWAIN. 'Is.

SAILOR. 'Ow d'ye know?

BOATSWAIN. Men who commit murders often get misty in the peak and go about lookin' for their victims.

SAILOR. Don't it annoy the neighbors?

BOATSWAIN. There are a man in Gloucester wot used to commit the same crime, in the same place, on the same day, at the same hour, every year, and they could never 'ang 'im because he only thought 'e was doing the first one every time. (*He resumes sprinkling the water and the SAILOR nervously resumes his scrubbing.*)

SAILOR. (*Shuddering with fright*) I think I've caught a chill.

BOATSWAIN. (*Stopping his sprinkling and putting the bucket down, keenly*) I shouldn't be surprised if that was the fella' that Pinkerton chap was after.

SAILOR. (*With cheerful inspiration*) P'raps 'e's lookin' for our teeth.

BOATSWAIN. No, 'e's too young. Take my tip, 'e ain't after anything so innercent as teeth. (*They resume their scrubbing and sprinkling.*)

SAILOR. (*Glad to change the conversation*) Ain't it strange that nobody's claimed 'em? They must have been missed before this. Are you sure about the second cabin, Lofty?

BOATSWAIN. Positive. The stewardess down there is a particular friend of mine and she made a very thorough investigation while they was at dinner, and she said there wasn't one of 'em had any trouble chewin' of their food.

SAILOR. I think we made a mistake givin' 'em over to the purser.

BOATSWAIN. It was the only way of reaching the first class, and I did 'im a favor once.

SAILOR. Then wot d'ye make of it?

BOATSWAIN. They must 'ave belonged to some of the folks wot was visitin' the ship yesterday.

SAILOR. That bein' the case, wot are we goin' to do about 'em?

BOATSWAIN. (*As he goes off still sprinkling*) Ave 'em back and sell 'em when we get ashore.

SAILOR. 'Ow much d'ye think they'll bring? (*He follows him off, scrubbing. After a moment, BILLY enters L. on the opposite side to that he went off, slowly searching along the deck with the little lamp. When he reaches the cabin on the L. of the C. doors, he straightens up and sighs dissatisfiedly, then*

turns and tries the handle of the door; finding it locked he knocks softly.)

BILLY. *(After waiting a moment for an answer)* Alithe, Alithe. *(He repeats the knocking.)* I thuppothe thheth gone to thleep. *(Knocking again.)* Alithe! Alithe! *(Growing irritable over the delay.)* Whatthe the mather with her? I never thaw thuth a lathy woman in my life. *(Knocking.)* Alithe, Alithe! Thhe'll make me wake up the whole thip. *(Receiving no reply he turns away angrily and seeing that the window is open a little he shoves it up and pushes aside the curtain. Just as he is about to call again, he catches sight of a glass standing in a nickel bracket nailed to a small cupboard inside, under the light of a shaded electric lamp. He stands transfixed for a moment and then gently puts his hand through the window and quietly withdraws the glass—he turns the light on the letter of the door, and sees it is C. He then lights up the glass and grins at its contents, a full set of upper teeth—with fiendish delight in subdued tones.)* Thhe hath thome too! *(He is startled by the sound of the first bugle call for breakfast. In haste he takes the teeth out of the glass and sets it on the floor.)*

ALICE. *(As she opens her door)* Billy! Billy! Are you there?

BILLY. I'm coming. *(He makes a bolt for her cabin and shuts the door.)*

(Third STEWARD enters. Bus.)

BEATRICE. All right—all right— *(In answer to MRS. SLOANE.)*

ALICE. Yes—I'm up already!

SAM. Go away! Go away! *(Exit STEWARD R. After a short pause there is a smothered scream heard in MRS. SLOANE'S cabin followed by the sounds of excitement and search. These gradually increase*

as if things were being violently thrown about the room. After a moment the door flies open showing the interior very much disordered. She bursts forth wearing a dressing gown and slippers, with the same fur coat or cloak worn in First Act, with her hair "done up" for the night. Her hand is lightly pressed over her mouth and she looks wildly up and down the deck. When she sees the glass on the floor, she becomes greatly agitated and utters muffled cries of distress behind her hand. She rushes to her daughter's door and knocks vigorously, all the while making a strange sound as though trying to call BEATRICE with her lips closed.)

MRS. SLOANE. (*Knocking hard*) Um-um-um-(BEATRICE.) Um-um-um-um-(BEATRICE.) Um-um-um-um (*Open the door.*)

BEATRICE. (*Sleepily from within*) What is it?

MRS. SLOANE. Um-um, um, um, um, um, Open the door at once. Do you hear?

BEATRICE. (*As before*) I don't want to get up yet, stewardess. Call me in half an hour. (MRS. SLOANE becomes frantic, beating on the door with her fist and calling as loud as the muffled condition of her mouth will permit. Finally, she kicks the door. On account of her soft slippers it hurts her toes and obliges her to stand on one foot.)

MRS. SLOANE. (*Furiously*) Um-um-um-Beatrice. Um-um-um-um-um-um- Open the door this instant.

BEATRICE. (*Impatiently from within*) What's the matter? What do you want? (MRS. SLOANE knocks harder than ever.) Stop knocking like that. (MRS. SLOANE rattles the handle of the door.) Don't do that either.

MRS. SLOANE. (*In a frenzy*) Um-um-um-Beatrice.

BEATRICE. (*Close to the door inside*) What?

MRS. SLOANE. Um-um-um- Open the door.

BEATRICE. (*Irritable*) Who is it?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Vehemently*) Um-um-um- Your mother.

BEATRICE. I can't understand you. (MRS. SLOANE *groans in agony.*) Wait a minute and I'll open the door. (MRS. SLOANE *leans exhausted and dejected against the door, so that after a short wait when BEATRICE opens it, it pushes her forward, which only adds to her indignation.*) I beg your pardon! (*Holding the door ajar, making it impossible for her see who it is.*) Now, what is it, please? (MRS. SLOANE *seizes the door and throws it wide open almost landing BEATRICE on her nose. She wears a wrapper and slippers with a long travelling coat over same.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Um-um-um (*Look at me.*)

(*All the lines in brackets are merely the sense of what MRS. SLOANE conveys and are not spoken.*)

BEATRICE. (*Astounded*) Mother!

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um, um, um (*Yes, and look at me.*)

BEATRICE. What has happened?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um? Um, um, um, um. (*Can't you see? My teeth are gone.*)

BEATRICE. Is there something the matter with your mouth? Are you sick?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Shaking her head*) Um, um, um. (*No, no no.*)

BEATRICE. (*Taking alarm*) Is it your teeth?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Nodding her head*) Um, um, um, um, um, um. (*Yes, yes. They're gone I tell you.*)

BEATRICE. Where are they?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Waving her hand away from her*) Um. (*Gone.*)

BEATRICE. Gone?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Holding her head*) Um, um.

BEATRICE. (*By this time much agitated herself*) But where?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Shrugging her shoulders*) Um, um, um. (*I don't know.*)

BEATRICE. What did you do with them? (MRS. SLOANE *points to the glass on the floor.*) Did you put them in that? (MRS. SLOANE *nods.*) But you surely didn't leave them out there all night?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um, um. Um, um. (*She takes BEATRICE by the arm and pulls her over to her own room where she points to the stand where the glass was.*) Um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um. (No, no, of course not. Come here. When I went to bed I left them in the glass in the stand.)

BEATRICE. You mean the glass was in the stand?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um.

BEATRICE. When you went to bed?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um.

BEATRICE. Then what's it doing out here?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um—um—um? Um, um, um, um. Um, um—um, um—um, um, um. [Don't you understand. They've been stolen. Someone has stolen my teeth.]

BEATRICE. (*Very worried*) Oh, mother, I don't know what you mean, when you do it so fast. Won't you please speak?

MRS. SLOANE. Um. [No.] (*She repeats what she said before.*)

BEATRICE. (*Anxiously*) Are you trying to tell me they've been stolen?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um.

BEATRICE. (*Miserably*) Oh, mother!

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um! Um, um, um! Um, um, um, um, um, um—um, um, um, um, um, um. [Some thief opened the window while I was asleep and reached in and took the glass.] (*She uses pantomime to assist her expression.*)

BEATRICE. Do you mean the man reached in through the window and took them?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um. [Of course, I do.]
(MRS. SLOANE *renews her search in the cabin.*)

BEATRICE. But who would take the trouble to steal a set of teeth? Oh, they must be in the room somewhere.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Shaking her head*) Um, um, um. [No, they're not.]

BEATRICE. Are you sure?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um, um. [Of course, I am.]

BEATRICE. It isn't as though they were of any value.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Indignantly*) Um! [What?]

BEATRICE. To anyone else. Why it wasn't even a gold plate. Are you certain you looked everywhere carefully?

MRS. SLOANE. (*Impatiently*) Um, um, um. [Yes, certainly.] (*She steps out of the cabin.*)

BEATRICE. Well, what are you going to do?
(MRS. SLOANE *shrugs her shoulders and sits on a camp stool close to the door with an air of fortitude.*
BEATRICE *is growing a little peevish under the strain.*) You can't sit there like that all day, mother.

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um, um, um, um. [I don't know what to do.] (*Waving her hands towards BEATRICE with a suggestion of resignation.*)
Um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um. [You'll have to try and get me out of it.]

BEATRICE. You mean it's up to me? (MRS. SLOANE *shrugs her shoulders again.*) Well, the only thing I can think of is to tell Sam, though I hate to, and have him report it to the Captain. He'll know how to find the thief without anyone else knowing of it. If we were to confide in the purser, he might think it was funny and make a joke of it. (MRS. SLOANE *glares indignantly.*) But we can trust to

the dignity of the captain. (*Soothingly. Takes hold of Mother. She rises.*) Now if you'll just go inside, dear, I'll call Sam and tell him to go and see the captain at once.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Protestingly*) Um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um? [That's all very well, but what am I to do in the meantime?]

BEATRICE. (*Sympathetically. Urging her into her cabin*) I never heard of anything so dreadful and the person who would do such a wicked thing ought to be thrown overboard.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Pressing her hand over her digestive organs*) Um, um, um, um, um? Um, um, um, um—um, um, um, um, um, um? [How am I to live? Do you expect me to starve to death?]

BEATRICE. (*Answering the action*) Yes, I know. I'm terribly sorry for you, dear. You'll have to drink milk, I suppose, and you can certainly eat raw eggs? (MRS. SLOANE, *very much aggrieved gives voice to a burst of vituperative "Um ums" while BEATRICE tries to console her.*) Yes, yes, I know—it's too bad. Don't worry—we'll find them. (*She finally closes the door on MRS. SLOANE, who continues to vociferate until it is shut. BEATRICE crosses to SAM'S door, and knocks, at first, gently.*)

SAM. (*Answering gruffly from inside*) Go away. (*She knocks again.*) I don't want any breakfast.

BEATRICE (*Knocking louder, but calling softly*) Sam!

SAM. (*As before only more so*) Get away from my door, will you?

BEATRICE. (*Continues to knock*) I want to speak to you.

SAM. Damn it! What the he——

BEATRICE. (*Almost shrieking*) Sam! It's I, Beatrice.

SAM. (*In gentler tones and much confused*) Oh! Is that you, Beatrice? I beg your pardon. I thought it was—just a moment, please. I'm so sorry—the sea makes such a noise, and—— (*He opens the door and appears looking rather pale and unhappy. He wears a pair of trousers, shoes unlaced, and a long overcoat turned up around the throat.*)

BEATRICE. I'm so sorry I had to wake you up.

SAM. Not at all. Is anything wrong?

BEATRICE. (*Quickly*) Yes, I—— (*She hesitates.*)

SAM. (*Anxiously*) Nothing serious?

BEATRICE. Yes, very! Mother——

SAM. Is—she sick?

BEATRICE. (*Breathlessly*) No. She's lost— (*SAM passes a clean handkerchief over his mouth and brow.*)—her teeth.

SAM. Her what?

BEATRICE. Teeth.

SAM. Didn't they belong to her?

BEATRICE. No. She had her own upper ones pulled years ago for neuralgia.

SAM. (*Passing his handkerchief over his mouth*) Did she lose them—overboard?

BEATRICE. No, no. They've been stolen.

SAM. What for?

BEATRICE. Oh, Sam, how do I know? Somebody took them out of the glass during the night.

SAM. (*Mopping his brow and speaking weakly*) Do you think so?

BEATRICE. Yes, unfortunately, I can't find out any details from mother because she won't open her mouth without them, but she's simply heart-broken.

SAM. (*In the same tone*) It's too bad, isn't it?

BEATRICE. It's terrible.

SAM. I suppose there's nothing to do about it.

BEATRICE. Oh, yes there is. I want you to go to the Captain and tell him what's happened right away, if you will.

SAM. (*With a sickly smile*) Certainly, with pleasure.

BEATRICE. Of course, I don't want anyone else to know it.

SAM. (*Feebly*) No, indeed.

BEATRICE. You see she can neither speak nor eat until she gets them back.

SAM. (*As above*) Certainly not.

BEATRICE. Oh, don't forget to tell him that the glass was found outside the cabin. See! here it is. (*She holds it up to him and he backs away from it, nervously repeating the business with his handkerchief and making a brave effort to appear happy.*)

SAM. Yes, I see. If you'll——

BEATRICE. (*Noticing his hesitancy*) Of course, I wouldn't have you do it for the world if you'd rather not.

SAM. (*Inanely*) Oh, I'd love to. Let me finish dressing—and I'll find them for you—if it costs me—my life. (*At his door.*)

BEATRICE. Ah, thank you ever so much, Sam.

SAM. Not at all—I like it. (*Exits and shuts door.*)

BEATRICE. (*Calling through the window to her mother*) It's all right, mother—Sam is going to attend to it at once. (*MRS. SLOANE answers from inside and then slams the window down.*)

(*Enter STEWARD C. with tray. A glass with some brandy in it and a bottle of soda. The DOCTOR enters from L. side and meets him.*)

DOCTOR. Good morning, Steward.

STEWARD. (*Cheerfully*) Good morning, sir. Seen the ghost?

DOCTOR. What ghost?

STEWARD. Why, the boatswain and some of the crew say a man in a long overcoat has been haunting the decks all night.

DOCTOR. More likely a seasick passenger.

STEWARD. Yes, sir. Number twenty-four, perhaps. The man on watch says he's not been in his berth more than five minutes at a time since midnight.

DOCTOR. Number twenty-four?

STEWARD. Yes, sir.

DOCTOR. Name Hargrave?

STEWARD. Think so, sir.

DOCTOR. Ah! well, I advise you to be careful with him.

STEWARD. Really, sir?

DOCTOR. He is decidedly eccentric. He had a very severe accident playing football, evidently some injury to the head which affected the brain and left the mind unbalanced.

STEWARD. I noticed he was a bit queer yesterday.

DOCTOR. I consider him positively dangerous and I shall advise the Captain to put him under restraint as soon as I can see him. In the meantime keep your eye on him.

STEWARD. I will sir. Much obliged, sir. (*As he exits.*) Oh, sir, the lady in eighteen would like to see you, sir. She's been hoping she'd die all night, sir——

DOCTOR. Oh—very well then—I'll go to her at once. (*The DOCTOR exits C. and the STEWARD goes off on the side L.*)

(*ALICE has almost completed her toilet. She looks up and down the deck and then opens the door wide. Seeing no one, she steps out and BILLY comes to the door. He holds MRS. SLOANE'S teeth in his hand.*)

ALICE. (*Speaking with repressed decision*) There's no one in sight. Quick now, go out and put them back. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

BILLY. I tell you I didn't mean to take 'em, I only wanted to see if they'd fit me.

ALICE. (*Astonished*) Why Billy, the idea of talking to a girl with her own mother's teeth!

BILLY. Better than none at all.

ALICE. After all you've suffered yourself, I don't see how you could do it.

BILLY. Therve her right for butting in to other people's affairth. Maybe thith will teath her to keep her mouth thut.

ALICE. Don't be so unreasonable, she didn't have anything to do with the loss of yours. What you should have done was to have gone to her in the first place and told her all about them. Having some of her own she would have sympathized with you at once.

BILLY. I don't want thympathy, I want teeth.

ALICE. Well, you can't use those, so go and put them back.

BILLY. (*Fiendishly*) I wonder what thhe'd do if thhe couldn't find them.

(*Enter STEWARDESS C. who knocks on MRS. SLOANE'S door without their notice.*)

ALICE. Well, she wouldn't make such a fuss about it as you have. She's too sensible to be ashamed of something she can't help. She wouldn't mind saying right out that she's lost them.

STEWARDESS. (*Speaking to the door after waiting for an answer to her knock*) Vot iss the matter here? I cannot get any word inside or outside. (*At the sound of her voice, BILLY and ALICE turn suddenly and BILLY quickly backs into the cabin leaving*

MRS. SLOANE. (*Miserably*) Um, um—um, um, um, um, um, um, um—[No, no, I can't eat anything.]

STEWARDESS. Take your time, I can wait. Have some smoked beef and some Saratoga chips and some dry toast, yes?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um. [No, no.]

STEWARDESS. Den, vot vill you have?

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um. [Nothing.]

STEWARDESS. (*Losing patience*) Can't you say nothing but that Um, um? (MRS. SLOANE *grows very angry at this and launches into speechless invectives, without stopping, while the STEWARDESS replies.*) Well, you needn't get so mad about it. Vot? It is the rolling waves dot make you sick, it ain't me. Vy don't you take someding for it? (*Ad lib, until BEATRICE comes quickly from her cabin and speaks.*)

BEATRICE. Wait, wait. What is it? What's the matter? (*They both try to explain at once.*)

STEWARDESS. All I vant iss, to know vot she iss talking about.

MRS. SLOANE. Um—um—umumumum. Um, um, um, um, um, um, um—um, um, um, um, um. [The impudent creature, I'll have her discharged as soon as I open my mouth.]

BEATRICE. My mother has a dreadful toothache, stewardess——

STEWARDESS. (*Regretfully*) V'y didn't you tell me you had a bad face? (MRS. SLOANE *starts again.*)

BEATRICE. Never mind, mother. (*To STEWARDESS.*) So please bring her some porridge and a glass of milk.

STEWARDESS. (*Smiling again*) Right away, and I vill bring you someding that will make you talk vid your mouth. (*She exits c.*)

BEATRICE. It's too bad, mother, but she didn't mean any harm. She didn't understand, that was all. (MRS. SLOANE *replies in an injured tone and disappears from sight as SAM enters L.C. from his cabin. He is completely dressed, but still looks pale and carries the handkerchief. Anxiously.*) Did you see him?

SAM. (In a lifeless tone) No, not exactly.

BEATRICE. What do you mean?

SAM. I can't see him for at least two hours.

BEATRICE. Why not?

SAM. Because he was on the bridge all night, and when he does that, no one is allowed to wake him until a certain time.

BEATRICE. Who told you so?

SAM. The purser; he's been talking to me in my room.

BEATRICE. Then you haven't been downstairs yet?

SAM. No, not yet.

BEATRICE. Well, when you go down to breakfast—(SAM *grasps the back of a chair.*)—What's the matter?

SAM. (Airily) Nothing. Haven't got my sea legs yet. (Leaning over the chair.) You were saying——

BEATRICE. You might inquire if anything else has been missed. (MRS. SLOANE *appears at window drawing the curtain a little to hide her face.*) Oh, mother! It's very unfortunate, but you'll have to wait for two hours. It's only Sam. (MRS. SLOANE *drops the curtain and bows to SAM, who in turn gazes at her with increasing weakness.*)

MRS. SLOANE. Um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um, um? [Good morning, Sam, isn't this dreadful?]

SAM. (Crosses to MRS. SLOANE *making an effort.*) I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Sloane.

MRS. SLOANE. (*With injured dignity*) Um, um, etc.

SAM. (*Sympathetically*) I never heard of anything so outrageous in my life.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Resigned to her fate.*) Um, um—etc.

SAM. Yes, I know just how you feel.

MRS. SLOANE. (*With rising fury*) Um, um, etc.

SAM. I should say not, not for a moment.

MRS. SLOANE. (*Sorrowfully*) Um, um, etc.

SAM. Oh, don't speak like that, Mrs. Sloane. (*She glares at him and catching his eyes, he mops his forehead.*)

BEATRICE. (*Quickly*) Don't you think you'd better go down to breakfast now, Sam?

SAM. (*Going R.*) Yes, I am so hungry—I could eat a whale. (*Exit R.I.E. Enter ALICE.*)

ALICE. Good morning, Beatrice. Good morning, Mrs. Sloane!

BEATRICE. Mother isn't very well this morning.

ALICE. What's the matter with her?

BEATRICE. She has neuralgia.

ALICE. Oh, I'm so sorry—is there anything I can do?

(*Enter BILLY cabin B.*)

BEATRICE. Thank you, so much, Yes, mother, I'm coming. (*Exit cabin C.*)

ALICE. Billy, I'm afraid they are going to lock you up.

BILLY. Where?

ALICE. In your cabin, I think.

BILLY. What for?

ALICE. I heard the purser and the doctor talking about it.

BILLY. What did they say?

ALICE. Someone told the purser that Mrs. Sloane

has lost a valuable ornament and he suspected you because you were looking for your own all night. The doctor believes you have softening of the brain on account of your accident and they're going to ask the captain to confine you as a danger to the community.

BILLY. (*Much agitated*) But if they do that—

ALICE. You'll lose Beatrice. Now, listen to me. I've thought of a plan. You must speak to Beatrice and tell her it's all a mistake.

BILLY. Mithake, how can I thay that?

ALICE. Wait. You can say words without ses or c's. You can say madam, or dear lady, can't you?

BILLY. (*Brightening*) Dear lady.

ALICE. That's it. "You wrong me."

BILLY. You wrong me.

ALICE. Fine. Now, that's the way you must talk to her.

BILLY. It's a great idea, but I can't think quick enough.

ALICE. Yes, you can, if you try. And I'll stand by the window and prompt you.

BILLY. But thuppothing she's over there?

ALICE. You must make her sit over here. (*Points to window.*)

BILLY. I'll tell you; I'll write it out and thtudy it.

ALICE. There won't be time.

BEATRICE. (*Speaking over her shoulder as she leaves her mother's cabin*) Yes, mother, I will. I won't forget.

ALICE. There she is. Now's your chance. (*She rushes into her cabin, pulling the door after her. BILLY in panic, attempts to follow her just as she closes door. ALICE, from the window of her cabin*) It's all right—I'm here—— (*Pulls down slat shutter of window. BILLY then turns and stands facing BEATRICE. For a moment, they stand looking at each other and then BEATRICE moves towards the*

center door. In the coming scene, BILLY speaks in a rather precise style, growing more impassioned as the scene progresses.)

BILLY. Bea——

BEATRICE. Don't call me Beatrice—please—

BILLY. I can't—I mean I won't, Madam—one moment—I beg—I have got them—I have a tale to impart to you. (*Indicates chair near window of ALICE'S cabin.*) Won't you thi—wait here—while you lith—hear what I have to tha—tell you?

BEATRICE. Please be quick, Mr. Hargrave, I'm in a hurry. (*She sits, he having placed the chair so that her back is partly toward him.*)

BILLY. Bea——

BEATRICE. Miss Sloane—please. (*BILLY startled at sound of name, gazes in terror at her for a moment, then quickly leans toward the window of ALICE'S room, with his ear against the shutter.*)

BILLY. (*Turning from shutter with air of relief*) My friend—you have wronged me——

BEATRICE. (*Haughtily*) Oh, I think not.

BILLY. You are laboring under a mithtak—an unkind idea.

BEATRICE. (*Icily*) In what way?

BILLY. I hear you imagine that what I have to tell you pertained to my early life. Ith—am I not right? (*She bows her head.*) Oh, Bea— (*Window business repeated.*)—dear lady, how could you thu—that unkindly of me? Why you are the lath—final perth—individual in the world to whom I would confide thu—anything like that. What I intended to convey wath—wa—could not bring the color to the fa—brow of an angel.

BEATRICE. (*Less frigidly*) Well, what was it then? (*He is at a loss and puts ear to window.*)

BILLY. (*After being prompted*) Ah, there you have me on the hip.

BEATRICE. What!

BILLY. I mean I can't tell you now—I know it ma—appear—thra—odd—but I beg of you to believe in my honeth—thin—integrity for a few dayth—day or two.

BEATRICE. (*Partially relenting*) You're asking a great deal, after the way you've behaved.

BILLY. I know I am, but I tho—I pledge my word you won't regret it. Won't you give me another thha—opportunity?

BEATRICE. (*Doubtfully*) Well, I don't—

BILLY. Oh, Bea— (*Window business repeated.*)—fair one, I cannot find the proper word to tell you what I mean, but you will break my heart, if you tha-utter the word “no.” I'd rather be dead than have you think me unworthy of your pardon—Bea—(*He is at a loss and appeals to window—the expression of his face shows he gets no assistance and he gradually becomes panic-stricken.*)—lady dear, don't—don't abandon me in my hour of need—you are—the light of my life—you are—the everything I want. For your thak—on your account—the thkys—the clouds are blue—the thar—the moon—ith—are pale,—the wind blouth—blew in the green wood—the little dog laughed and—(*Towards window.*)—I'll kill her when I get hold of her!

BEATRICE. What?

BILLY. The green water below and the white bird above—

BEATRICE. What are you saying?

BILLY. I'm damned if I know.

BEATRICE. Well—I never—the idea! Is that what you wanted me to listen to—Oh, Billy—how could you? (*She exits into her own cabin. BILLY follows her and speaks to her as she disappears.*)

BILLY. Wait—wait—I didn't mean it. I'll tell you the whole truth—if you'll only wait—(*Door shuts in his face.*)—Oh, Beatrith, if you only knew

how I am thuffering becauthe I can't even thay your name——

(Enter ALICE center door rapidly.)

ALICE. *(Excitedly)* Billy, they're found!

BILLY. *(Turning to her)* What?

ALICE. Yes, they're inside; I've seen them.

BILLY. Who found them?

ALICE. I don't know—*(Pointing off c.)*—but they're there.

BILLY. *(Joyfully)* Where?

ALICE. Hanging up in the little glass vase at the head of the stairs where they post the day's run. *(BILLY'S expression changes from joy to disgust during her speech.)*

BILLY. *(With quiet desperation)* Go and get 'em.

ALICE. I can't—the case is locked.

BILLY. Well, get the key.

ALICE. I can't. The purser's got it.

BILLY. Well—go and athk him for it.

ALICE. How can I?

BILLY. *(Angrily)* Why can't you?

ALICE. Because there's a little card hanging to them which says that the owner must apply in person.

BILLY. *(With inspiration)* Then they're yourth.

ALICE. But, Billy, I've got all mine.

BILLY. *(Challengingly)* Well—what are you going to do about it?

ALICE. What am I going to do? Why, I didn't put them in there.

BILLY. *(Aggressively)* That don't make any difference—you've got to get 'em.

ALICE. But he won't give them to me.

BILLY. You're a coward.

ALICE. I am not.

BILLY. You thaid you loved your brother!

ALICE. Well!

BILLY. I'll get 'em myself—(*Crossing her.*)
I'll thmath the cathe.

ALICE. (*Grasping him by the arm*) No, Billy, you can't do that.

BILLY. Why not?

ALICE. Because everybody's come up from breakfast and they're all standing around looking at them, (*BILLY retreats, crosses to L. with a groan. ALICE follows him, brightly.*) but nobody's claimed them yet!

BILLY. (*Savagely and baring teeth*) Yet!

ALICE. Oh, Billy, close your mouth. (*BILLY does so, putting his hand over it.*) I'll tell you what you can do. You go to the purser and tell him they belong to you or say your grandmother left them to you as a keepsake, and——

BILLY. (*Turning on her*) Do you think I'd claim them now, after they've been on exhibition—(*Crossing R.*)—with a lot of thilly foolth thtaring at 'em as though they'd been dug up? (*Turning back on ALICE, who had come c.*) Thay they're mine and make mythelf the laughing thtock of the whole thip, before the girl I worship—you—you—you don't belong on earth!

ALICE. But what can we do if you don't claim them?

BILLY. Do? Think—think—think—can't you think?

ALICE. Well, I am. You couldn't use beads, or buttons, or anything, could you?

BILLY. Get out of my thight before I forget our relationship.

ALICE. Well, I'm trying to help you, Billy—Couldn't you use putty until we get to Havana?

BILLY. Putty! (*Glares at her. Clapping of hands heard off center with the sound of a gavel on*

tables. BILLY and ALICE stand perfectly still listening.)

VOICE. (*Off c., imitating tones of auctioneer*) Attention, attention, ladies and gentlemen, your attention for one moment, please. I have here—ladies and gentlemen, a beautiful piece of workmanship in gold and porcelain—— (*BILLY and ALICE glare at each other in horror.*) It has come to the hammer under peculiar circumstances. Now then, ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered for this valuable dental masterpiece? (*BILLY and ALICE rush to center opening off, ALICE R. of opening, BILLY L.*) Remember, gentlemen, you are aiding a charity, for the sake of this magnificent set of tombstones, will enable the faithful sailor to spend his old age in peace and comfort.

BILLY. (*Horror stricken*) Alith—they're going to auction 'em off for the benefit of the theamanth home! (*Great laughter outside.*)

BILLY. What are you laughing at?

ALICE. (*Looking off*) They're laughing at them.

BILLY. *Where* are they now?

ALICE. They're on a little red pin-cushion in the middle of the table. (*Hand-clapping off as BILLY rushes towards center doors. Stopping him.*) They're going to begin.

VOICE. Come, now ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered for this valuable set of crockery—useless to anyone but the owner, but a charity to the sailor. Come, now, gentlemen, what offers—what offers!

SAM. (*Off*) Five dollars.

ALICE. (*To BILLY*) Why, they cost fifty!

VOICE. Five dollars for this beautiful set of piano keys. (*BILLY shivers.*) Five dollars! It's a sacrifice! Come, now, gentlemen, I am waiting for a fair bid——

BILLY. (*With inspiration*) Why thith ith easy.

(*Handing ALICE a bill from a number of them he takes from right hand trousers' pocket.*) Offer 'em ten!

ALICE. (*Calling off and waving bill*) Mr. Hargrave bids ten!

VOICE. Ten! Come, now, that's better. Ten-ten-ten-ten—I'm offered ten dollars! Come, now, is that all? Ten-ten——

SAM. Fifteen!

BILLY. (*Handing ALICE another bill*) Twenty!

VOICE. Twenty—that's right—twenty-twenty-twenty-twenty—do I hear any further offers——?

SAM. Thirty!

BILLY. (*Handing ALICE two bills*) Fifty!

ALICE. (*Calling off*) Fifty!

VOICE. Fifty! Come, now, gentlemen, that's better—I am offered fifty dollars! They are going at fifty dollars—going-going-going——

SAM. Seventy-five!

BILLY. (*Handing ALICE his remaining bills*) One hundred!

VOICE. One hundred! One hundred! One hundred! Going—going-going!

SAM. One hundred and fifty!

BILLY. What damned fool ith that?

ALICE. Why, don't you know?

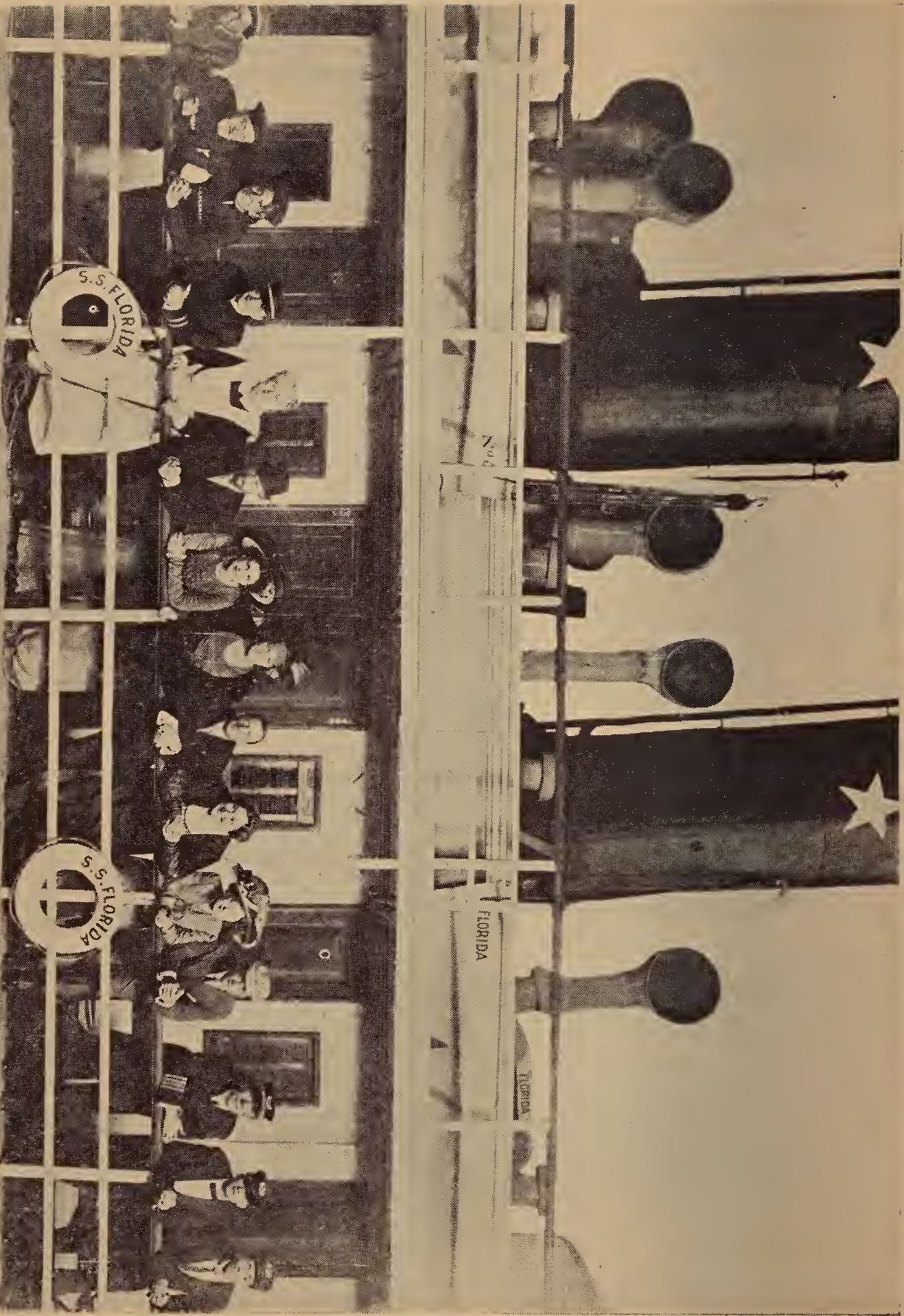
BILLY. What did I ath you for?

ALICE. Why, it's Sam Eustace—don't you see! He thinks they're Mrs. Sloane's and he's trying to make good.

BILLY. (*Frantically digging down in his left hand trousers' pockets and bringing up some yellow bills—hands them to ALICE*) Two hundred!

ALICE. Two hundred! (*Cheers and applause off—to BILLY.*) Sam's getting white, Billy.

VOICE. Two hundred! Gentlemen, they are going at the very fair price of two hundred dollars—going-going-going!!!



“BILLY”

Curtain call, end of play

SAM. Three hundred!

BILLY. Four hundred! (*BILLY takes check book and stylographic pen from his pocket and commences to write check.*)

ALICE. Four hundred! (*Cheers and applause off—to BILLY.*) He looks sick, Billy.

VOICE. Four hundred—four hundred—four hundred—going-going-going!

SAM. Four hundred and fifty!

BILLY. (*Tearing check he was writing and commences another*) Five hundred!

ALICE. Five hundred! (*Cheers and applause off—to BILLY.*) You'll ruin us if you keep on Billy!

VOICE. Five hundred. Mr. Hargrave bids five hundred dollars! Now, they are going-going-going—— (*BILLY hands check to ALICE.*)

SAM. Five hundred and fifty——

BILLY. How doeth he look now?

ALICE. He can't last much longer!

BILLY. A thouthand——

ALICE. (*Calling off*) A thousand! (*BILLY commences another check.*) Billy—Sam's gone——

VOICE. Going-going-going—(*BILLY hands ALICE check.*) Gone! Knocked down to Mr. Hargrave for one thousand dollars!

ALICE. Oh, Billy! (*Rushes off center, BILLY drops in chair left of center. Great cheers and hand-clapping off.*)

VOICE. Three cheers for Mr. Hargrave's generosity! (*More cheers off, BILLY's face beams and he bursts into laughter—takes MRS. SLOANE'S set of teeth from his pocket and waits expectantly for ALICE'S return. Enter ALICE quickly center with the set of teeth found by BOATSWAIN in her left hand and a handkerchief saturated with alcohol in her right.*)

ALICE. Quick, Billy, here they are! She's coming! (*BILLY takes his own set and hands ALICE*

MRS. SLOANE'S and turns his back to audience. ALICE crosses quickly to MRS. SLOANE'S cabin and knocks. It is opened on a crack and ALICE passes the teeth through.) Here you are, Mrs. Sloane, with Billy's love. (*Crosses back to BILLY.*) Are they all right, Billy? (*BILLY takes her in his arms, swings her gently over to R. of him—now showing his face to the audience as BEATRICE enters quickly from C.*)

BEATRICE. (*Contritely*) Oh, Billy—it was so good of you—I was mistaken—I'm so sorry—I misjudged you—please forgive me—— (*BILLY leaves ALICE and walks slowly over to BEATRICE.*)

BILLY. (*Taking BEATRICE'S hands and looking at her intently, says with a tremendous appreciation of the consonant "C"—the one word—"Beatrice."* BILLY holds her in his arms—looks over her shoulder and winks at ALICE, showing his teeth in all their whiteness. ALICE sinks into chair R. with a sigh of relief as——)

CURTAIN

Clarence

Comedy in 4 acts by Booth Tarkington. 5 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

One of the "five million", Clarence served where he was sent—though it was no further than Texas. As an entomologist he found—on this side of the ocean—no field for his specialty, so they set him to driving mules.

Now, reduced to civil life and seeking a job, he finds a position in the home of one Wheeler, a wealthy man with a family. And because he'd "been in the army" he becomes guide, philosopher and friend to the members of that distracted family group. Clarence's position is an anomalous one. He mends the plumbing, tunes the piano, types—off stage—and plays the saxophone. And around him revolves such a group of characters as only Booth Tarkington could offer. It is a real American comedy, at which the audience ripples with appreciative and delighted laughter.

Those marvelous young people, Cora and Bobby, are portrait sketches warranted to appeal to everyone.

Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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Comedy in 3 acts by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. 6 males, 10 females. (May be played by 5 males and 8 females). (Any number of school girls may be used in the ensembles). 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

A young automobile salesman just out of his 'teens inherits a girl's school and insists on running it himself, according to his own ideas, chief of which is that the dominant feature in the education of the young girl of today should be CHARM.

In the end the young man gives up the school and promises to wait until the youngest of his pupils reaches a marriagable age.

"The Charm School" has the freshness of youth, the inspiration of a novel idea, the charm of originality, and wholesome, amusing entertainment. We strongly recommend it for high school production.

First produced in New York, then toured the country. Two companies now playing it in England. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

A Full House

Farical comedy in 3 acts. By Fred Jackson. 7 males, 7 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours. This newest and funniest farce was written by Fred Jackson, the well-known story writer, and is backed up by the prestige of an impressive New York success and the promise of unlimited fun presented in the most attractive form. A cleverer farce has not been seen for many a long day. "A Full House" is a house full of laughs. Royalty, \$25. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
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The Famous Mrs. Fair

A play in 4 acts. By James Forbes, author of "The Commuters", "The Traveling Salesman", etc. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Mrs. Fair was a major abroad and won a medal for bravery. Her husband was displeased when Mrs. Fair came home to a fame which lifted her out of his life. The dissatisfaction grew as she became absorbed in public functions. Mr. Forbes traces the widening of the rift between husband and wife with great skill in the first two acts. These are light comedy. In the third the mood becomes serious and we find that Mrs. Fair's absence from home has set the husband to philandering and the daughter to intimacy with a gay set. Indeed, only through the joint efforts of husband and wife to save the girl from danger, is harmony again established.

A true comedy, written with keen insight. Royalty, \$35.00. Price, 75 cents.

Nothing But the Truth

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, hero of "Nothing But the Truth", accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 60 cents.

On the Hiring Line

Comedy in 3 acts, by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

Sherman Fessenden, unable to induce servants to remain at his Jersey home, hits upon the expedient of engaging detectives as domestics.

His second wife, an actress, weary of the country, has succeeded in discouraging every other cook and butler against remaining long, believing that she will convince her husband that country life is dead. So she is deeply disappointed when she finds she cannot discourage the new servants.

The sleuths, believing they are called to report on those living with the Fessendens, warn Fessenden that his wife has been receiving love-notes from an actor friend, and that his daughter is planning to elope with a supposed thief.

One sleuth causes an uproar making a mess of the situations he has witnessed. Fessenden, however, has learned a lesson and is willing to leave the servant problem to his wife.

Enjoyed long runs in New York and Chicago. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
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Dulcy

Comedy in 3 acts. By George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly (with a bow to Franklin P. Adams), 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

In her determination to help her husband and friends Dulcy plans a week-end party. They are an ill-assorted group, such as only a Dulcinea could summon about her. Their brief association becomes a series of hilarious tragedies. It is Dulcy's final blunder which unexpectedly crowns her efforts with success.

Meanwhile she has all but ruined her husband's plans to put through a big merger with a rich capitalist. Among her guests is a rapturous scenario writer who conspires to elope with the daughter of the capitalist, who loathes motion pictures. The rich young man from Newport, who Dulcy thinks may be useful in assisting the capitalist's wife to write for the films, turns out to be an escaped lunatic. The ex-convict butler steals a necklace. Everything goes wrong. But the most exquisite torture she inflicts is when she invites the scenario writer to recite one of his hectic plots to music played by the lunatic. It is with this that the play reaches its highest level of satirical fun.

"Dulcy" ran for a season in New York, and is now on tour throughout the United States and Canada. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Come Out of the Kitchen

Comedy in 3 acts, adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading role, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller in New York. It was also a great success in London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy. We strongly recommend it for amateur production. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Kempey

Comedy in 3 acts, by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

The story is about a highfalutin daughter who in a fit of pique marries the young plumber-architect, who comes to fix the water pipe, just because he "understands" her, having read her book and sworn to marry the authoress. But in that story lies all the humor that kept the audience laughing every second.

The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
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Tweedles

A delightful comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Costumes, modern. Time 2½ hours.

Julian, scion of the blue-blooded Castleburys, falls in love with Winsora Tweedle, daughter of the oldest family in a village in Maine. The Tweedles name has been rooted in the community for 200 years, and the family look down on "summer people" with the vigor that only "summer boarder" communities know.

The Castleburys are aghast at the possibility of a match, and call on the Tweedles to argue against the alliance. Mr. Castlebury explains the barrier of social caste, and the elder Tweedles takes it that these summer folk are terrified at the social eminence of the Tweedles.

Tweedle generously agrees to cooperate with the Castleburys to prevent the match. But Winsora brings her father to realize that the Castleburys look upon THEM as inferiors. The old man threatens vengeance, but is checkmated when Julian unearths family skeletons from the Tweedles closet. Also, Winsora takes the matter into her own hands and outfaces the old man. So the youngsters go forth triumphant.

The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs. Price, 75 cents.

Little Women

A charming play in 4 acts by Marion De Forest, dramatized from Louisa M. Alcott's famous story. 5 males, 7 females. 1 easy interior and 1 easy exterior. Costumes 1869. Plays 2½ hours.

"Little Women" is the most human and delightful story of a family of girls ever written. A classic of childhood's foibles and follies, it touches a responsive chord in the hearts of the younger generation. Yet it is a tale that moves fathers and mothers quite as deeply, for the story may well be characterized as the finest delineation of family love and loyalty.

Produced with tremendous success in the Playhouse, New York, where it enjoyed a long run, and was afterwards toured for several seasons. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

His Majesty Bunker Bean

Farical comedy in 4 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd, from the novel by Harry Leon Wilson. 12 males, 6 females. 4 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. Those who have laughed immoderately at the story will be amused by the play, which tells of a cowed and credulous youth who became kingly when he was tricked into believing himself a reincarnation of Napoleon. Ran at Astor Theatre, New York, after 25 weeks in Chicago. A delightful and wholesome farce comedy. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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Golden Days

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts, by Sidney Toler and Marion Short. 7 males, 10 females. 3 interiors. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Golden Days" is a play with all the charm of youth. It enjoyed a run of sixteen weeks in Chicago, then came to New York, with Helen Hayes as "Mary Anne". Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

The Intimate Strangers

A delightful comedy in 3 acts, by Booth Tarkington. 4 males, 4 females. 2 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Beginning with the girl of yesterday and a lawyer of uncertain age, stranded in a railway station, half starved and uncertain of the future, because a hurricane wrecked railway hopes on both the main and branch line, it carries the audience to the home of the girl, where, with delicious comedy, the blase lawyer is tortured into submission, after he has dared doubt the age of the girl whose hand he kissed the night before.

Having expressed a sharp opinion of "brazen young huzzies in breeches," he is subjected to the siege of a young woman "in breeches", who longs for an adventure with an elderly man.

The lines are delicious and the situations amusing. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Billeted

Comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tonnison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. 1 easy interior. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 60 cents.

Just Suppose

A whimsical comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Thomas, author of "Come Out of the Kitchen", etc. 6 males, 2 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

It was rumored that during his visit to this country the Prince of Wales got away from the pomp of his position and appeared for a time under an assumed name. It is on this that A. E. Thomas based "Just Suppose". The action takes place in Fairview, Va., where Linda Lee Stafford meets George Shipley, (in reality the Prince). It is love at first sight, but, alas, princes cannot select their mates and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Thomas has woven with infinite charm. The atmosphere of the south dominates the story, touching in its sentiment and lightened with delightful comedy.

Scored a big hit in New York. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

SAMUEL FBENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
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Daddy Long-Legs

A charming comedy in 4 acts, by Jean Webster. 6 males, 7 females, and 6 orphans, but by easy doubling of some characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls. 4 easy interiors. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The New York Times wrote the following:

"If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs'. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter."

Enjoyed a two-years' run in New York and was then toured for over three years. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

To the Ladies

A hilarious comedy in 3 acts, by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. 11 males, 3 females. 3 interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The authors of "Dulcy" have divulged a secret known to every woman—and to some men, though the men don't admit it.

The central figures are young Leonard Beebe and his wife Elsie, a little girl from Mobile. Leonard is the average young American clerk, the kind who read all the "Success" stories in the magazines and believe them. Elsie has determined to make him something more. She has her hands full—even has to make an after dinner speech for him—but she does it and the play shows how.

Helen Hayes played Elsie and Otto Kruger impersonated Leonard in New York, where it ran a whole season. Here's a clean and wholesome play, deliciously funny and altogether a diverting evening's entertainment. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

Three Live Ghosts

Comedy in 3 acts by Frederick Isham and Max Marcin. 6 males, 4 females (2 policemen). 1 interior throughout. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

"Three Live Ghosts" is brim full of fun and humor and is sure to keep audiences in gales of laughter. The New York critics described it as the most ingenious and amusing comedy of the season, genuinely funny. It played a full season in New York, then toured the big cities. A lively comedy of merit. Royalty, \$25.00. Price, 75 cents.

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